ALBUMAZAR.

A

COMEDY,

As it is now Acted at His Highneſs

THE

DUKE of YORKS THEATRE.

C2

LONDON:

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White Lyon* near *Chancery-Lane* end in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1668.

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Dramatis Personæ.

An Astrologer.

Theeves.

Arnold Gentleman.

His servant.

Randolfe, Farmer.

Antonie, maide.

Antonie's Sonne.

Randolfe's Sonne.

Randolfe's daughter.

A Gentleman.

Arnold Gentleman.

The Prologue.

THe brightnesse of so great and faire a Presence,
They say, strikes cold amazement. But I feele
Contrary effects. For from the gracious sence
Oth' Honourable assembly, some secret Power
Inflames my Courage, and methinks I am growne
Taller by th' vertue of their audience.
And yet thus rising, I see there's no retiring.
Ladies, whose beauties glad the whole Assembly,
Vpon your favours I impose my businesse.
If 'tis a fault to speak a Forraigne language,
(For Latine is to most as strange) I must intreat you
To frame excuses for us, for their sakes
We now speake English. Gallants the rest we hope are
Come purposely to grace our poore endevours,
As we to please. In whose faire courteste
We trust is not in our weake ability.

Albu-

Albumazar.

Gats from the [illegible] theatre, and what they [illegible]
The meerest [illegible] fitch, and lay't i'the fire,
Where (least it should be found) turn'd to red Dollar,
Tis by a thousand sleevie-lovers conveyed
And laid in flesh, nerves bones, muscles, and sinews,
In tendons, skin and haire, so that the property
Thus altered, the theft can never be discovered.
Now all these pilfries couch't and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me, Master quick-sand of thrift.

Rone. Most Philosophicall *Albumazar*!

Harp. I thought these parts had been lent and borrowed mutuall.

Alba. Say they do so, it is done with full intention

[illegible]

Be watchfull, have [illegible]
And cares as Harvest [illegible]
Beleeve none, trust [illegible]
(As in a fought field Citizens and Gentlemen)
No dwellers are but Cheaters [illegible]

Rone. If all the [illegible]
The cheapest [illegible]
The broad-gates gallowes, [illegible]
Justices, Juries, Constables, [illegible]
Ide practise spite of all, and [illegible]
A fruitfull Seminary of [illegible]
And call them up the [illegible]

Harp. And I no [illegible]
As cunning as thy selfe. [illegible]
Fitting such [illegible]
To your great vertue with a deep [illegible]

Of high Astrologie. *Harpax* and *Ramble* [illegible]
Lift to our profit; I have new [illegible]
Hard by, that taken in, fat and rich,
To give in marriage. [illegible]
Twill make us leave off and [illegible]
For to come [illegible]
Harp. Who is't? speak quickly. [illegible]

Alb. Tis a rich Gentleman, [illegible] old, [illegible]
The poore remnant of whose [illegible] that age had left him
The doting love of a young [illegible]
Thou know'st my Ruby [illegible]
And which concerns us most, he gives [illegible]
To Necromancie and Astrologie. [illegible]
Sending to me, as oportune promiss [illegible]
Second each beck, and [illegible]
Pandolfo is the man. *Harp.* What old *Pandolfo*?
You know my [illegible]

Alb. The same; but [illegible] *Furbo* whose smoothest brow
Shines with good news, and a village promises
Triumphs and Trophies to's [illegible] *Furbo playes, Rog.* My life ha's learnt me all, I know't by's musick.

Then Furbo *sings this Song.*

Beare up thy learned brow Albumazar,
Live long of all the world admired,
For Arts profound, and skill required,
To cheating, by the height of Starre:
Hence Gypsies, beare, beare vagrants of base straine,
That hazard life for little gaine:
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afarre
At the rare skill of great Albumazar.

Furb. Albumazar.
Spread out thy nets at large, here's [illegible] abundance:
Pandolfo's ours, I understand his [illegible]
Which I filcht closely from him, while he reveal'd
This man, his purposes and [illegible]
Alb. Excellent!
Thanks to this instrument; for in pretence
Of teaching yong *Fulgoria*, the old mans daughter,
I got accesse to th' house, and while I waited
Till she was ready, over-heard *Pandolfo*
Open his secrets to his servant: thus tis.

Rom. Here's old *Pandolfo*, wrinkles in your face,
And grey as *January*, like winter hoare.

Pan. Crica, I seek thy old, not thy virgin acquaintance.
I am mad in love with *Flavia*, and must have her.
Thou spend'st thy reasons to the contrary,
Like arrows 'gainst an horse of brass, in vain.
And must have *Flavia*, *Crica*. Sir, you have reason,
Shee's a young girle of fifteen, you of fifty.

Pan. I have no reason, nor care reason for any,
Loves Heritage hath chilld't warm by his fire,
And with a coale writ on my brow *Flavia*.
This house is wholly taken for *Flavia*,
Let reason get a lodging with her wit,
Vex me no more, I must have *Flavia*.

Crie. But sir, her brother *Lelio*, and her whole charge
Shee's now after her fathers death, to care boldly.
Pandolfo never shall have *Flavia*.

Pan. His father, ere he went to *Padua*,
Promis'd her me: who be he live or dead,

Spight

Spight of a Lift of *Lelius* Bandi[illegible]
Shall *enjoy Flavia*. *Cri.* Sir, I am [illegible]

Pan. I muft confeffe in yeares above [illegible]
But in luftie ftrength of body, ſtature and [illegible]
Or twice mouthe laffe. Love of young *Flavia*,
More powerfull then *Medea*'s drugs, renews
All decay'd parts of man: my Arteries
Blown full with youthfull ſpirits, move the blood
To a new buſineſſe: my withered Nerves grow plumpe
And ſtrong, longing for action. Hence then poore prey
Of feebleneſſe and age: I wraſtle with luch fires
As with cold Palſies ſhake away their ſtrength
And looſe their legs with cure leſſe gouts. *Flavia*
Now mouldred in for Rowtie, Marble, and Muſcle, *Cri.* Ha
String my ungirdled Lattice and ſtrow my Archery
Scoure my beſt ſword, companion of my youth
Without which I ſcorne to appeare. *Cri.* Your love, ſir, like ſtrong
To a deplor'd ſick man, quickes your feeble ſtrake (waters
For a poor moment. But after-ones it lets goe,
Yon'l fall ſo dull and cold, that *Flavia*
Will ſhrike and leape from out the ſtrong p'ſpective,
Shall I ſpeak plainer, ſir? Sheele Cuckold you.
Alas ſheele Cuckold you.

Pan. What me? a man of known diſcretion,
Of riches, yeares, and this your gravity?
Ile ſatisfie with gold, rich cloaths and jewels.

Cri. Wo't not ſome fitter urge your ſuite *Eugenio*
To woo her for himſelfe? *Pan.* *Cri.* be gone.
Touch no more there: I will and muſt have *Flavia*,
Tell *Lelio*, if he grant th'm his ſiſter *Flavia*;
Ile give my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and finde me here within this halfe houre.

ACT. I. SCENE 3.

Enter, Pandolfo.

Pan. 'Tis well that ſervant's gone: I ſhall the eaſier
Winde up his maſter to my purpoſe.

Pan. Sure this same novice of the Artillery,
That winks and shoots a fire-ball at a time,
The powder's wet, stick, stick, stock
Ros. A good
Pan. Why Frantick?
To open doores and passe?
Pan. Whose lodgings this?
Ros. His lodging?
Of most divine
If the doore creak,
Ros. How till your land
Cannot repaire the damage of one poore
To thunder at the
Of great
Ros. Sir, you
Pregnant with mysteries of
Growes to an
Which at full time
The armed fruit of
That leapt from
Ros. Thus one of you
And cause that birth
An instrument of wonders greater and
Then
Pan. Are you your Masters Countreyman?
Pan. Then must I get an Interpreter for your language.
Ros. You need not, with a wind instrument my Master made,
In five dayes you may breath ten Languages
As perfect as the Devill or himselfe.
Pan. When may I speak with him?
Ros. When't please the Starr.
He puts you not a haire, nor paires a naile,
Nor stirs a foot without due figuring
The Horoscope: sit downe awhile and't please you,
I see the Heavens incline to his approach.
Pan. Whats this I pray you?
Ros. An Engine to catch starrs,

A Mase to arrest such Planets as have hurt
Foure thousand years under protection
Of *Jupiter* and *Sol*. *Pan.* Pray you speak English.
Ros. Sir, tis a perspicill, the best under Heaven:
With this Ile reade a leafe of that small *Iliads*
That in a wall-nut-shell was desk'd, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you are from this house.
Pan. Wonderfull workman of so rare a instrument!
Ros. Twill draw the Moon so near that you would sweare
The bush of thorns in't pricks your eyes: the Chrystall
Of a large Arch, multiplies what it sees,
Works more than any point-blank: and by refractions
Optick and strange, that cheek like the eye of truth,
All the losers that have windows, Have at Rome,
Like the Pope, his Cardinals and his Mule.
The *English* College and the Jesuits,
And what they write and do. *Pan.* Let me see too.
Ros. So far you cannot: for this glasse is fram'd
For eyes of thirty, you are nigh three-score,
But for some fifty miles twill serve you.
Will't see't a reflective glasse that yonder,
Just shall sir: where are you now? *Pan.* At London.
Ros. Ha you found the glasse within that chamber? *Pan.* Yes.
Ros. What see you? *Pan.* Wonders, wonders! I see as in a Land-shippe
An honourable throng of noble persons,
As cleere as I were under the same roofe,
Seems by their gracious browes, and courteous looks
Something they see, which if it be indifferent,
They'l favourably accept: if otherwise
They'l pardon labour. What they be, I know not.
Ros. Why then the course at *Cambridge* forty miles hence, what
Pan. A Hall thrust full of bare-heads, some bald, some bushy,
Some heavily bearded. *Ros.* Thats the University
Larded with Townsmen: look you there: what now?
Pan. Who? I feel *Dromo* Peere, a man now landing
Attended by two Porters that became so grosse

Under

Under the burthen of two Inches of [illegible]

Ros. That's *Corinna*, *Pandora*, and [illegible]
Of *Asia* and *Africk*, *Pan.* The price, I [illegible]
But here's another of another [illegible]
The great *Albumazar* by [illegible]
In imitation of this [illegible]
Hath fram'd an Iris [illegible]
Objects of [illegible]
That you may [illegible]
Against the Winds, as fresh as 'twere delivered
Through a trunk, or *Glaster*'s [illegible]
Pan. And may I [illegible]
Ros. 'Tis [illegible] I'll try't.
Stand thus. What hear you? *Pan.* Nothing. *Ros.* Set your hands
That the vertex of the Organ may [illegible]
Point out our Zenith. What [illegible]
Pan. A humming noise of laughter. *Ros.* Why that's the Court
And University, that [illegible]
With an old Gentleman in [illegible]
Pan. Celestiall [illegible]
Lift, lift, 'tis nearer now. *Ros.* 'Tis [illegible]
Pan. Nothing. *Ros.* And now?
Pan. Musick [illegible]
O melt Angelicall they sing! *Ros.* And now?
Sing sweetly that we may [illegible]
The heavenly Orbs [illegible]
And at our Master [illegible]
As at Jove's common will
So now release them as before
Th' have waited long enough, as sure
Ros. 'Tis gone, give me't again. [illegible] do not so
Ros. What hear you now? *Pan.* No more than I did Other.
O let me see this wonderous [illegible]
Ros. Sir, this is still [illegible]
Why 'tis a piece of Africa cured, and large enough
Ros. True, for in such a form the great *Albumazar*
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fit to receive

Of

Officiously as perfection [illegible]

Pan. [illegible]

As you [illegible]

Pan. 'Soone as you [illegible] crownes in earnest,
For when tis done, and I have purchas'd it,
I meanes to entaile it on my [illegible] for ever,
Spight of the future[illegible]

Rog. Nay, rather giv't us *Rhodes* for [illegible]
For she that marries you [illegible] is richly.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

Dido, Pandolfo, Rogero.

Dido. Sir, I have spoke with *Lelio*, and he salutes you.

Pan. Hang *Lelio*, and his [illegible] Come hither *Dido*,
Wonder for me, admire, and be [illegible]
Marvaile thy selfe at Miracles in these Regions,
These strange Gregorian instruments. *Cyri.* At what?

Pan. At this rare Perspicill and Otacouticon:
For with these two Ile heare and see all secrets,
Yonder Intelligencers. Pray let my eares be
What's done in *Rome*, his eyes are just as yours are.

Rog. *Pandolfo* are you mad? to [illegible] secret?
See you the [illegible] danger you are running in?
Know you not that these Inft[illegible] have power
To unlocke the [illegible] of State?
And you reveale such mysteries as these?
Sir be advis'd, or else you learne no more
Of our unknowne Philosophy. *Pan.* Enough.
What newes from *Delos*? shall I hear this Oracle.

Cyri. He sweares and vowes he never will consent
She shall not play with wheels Astrolabes
Not lye with Snow and Starres, and such replies
That I omit for reverence of your worships.

Pan. Not have his filthy *Ordeal* will have *Flavia*,
Maugre his head: by planets of this Astrologer

He enjoy *Flavia*. Are [illegible]
To his diving [illegible]
Cri. What Strologer? *Pan.* The learned [illegible]
The high Almanack [illegible]
Far beyond *Trevisond* and [illegible]
Close by the Worlds [illegible]
And great Astrologe [illegible]
Ron. Alb. [illegible]
Cri. A name of force to [illegible]
Pan. As he excels in Science, so in Title.
He tels of lost plate, horse and [illegible]
Directly, as he had stolne them all himself.
Cri. Or he, or some [illegible]
Pan. As thou respects thy life, look to thy tongue.
Albumazar has no [illegible]
Be silent, secret and [illegible]
See what a promising [illegible]
Stand still and wonder [illegible]

ACT. I. SCEN. [illegible]

Albumazar, Baron, Pandolfo, Guiscard.

Alb. ROuse, the bunch of Planets now [illegible]
Hanging at the end of my bed-Pavilion,
Send them to *Galileo* at *Padua*, [illegible]
Let him bestow them where he please, [illegible]
Lately discovered twins that [illegible]
Are as a present for *Pandolfos* marriage,
And hence still'd *Sidera Pandolfea*.
Pan. My marriage, *Great* [illegible]
O most Celestiall [illegible]
Cri. And sends y' a present from the head of [illegible]
Alb. My Almanack [illegible]
And height of *Lapis*, [illegible]
There may they smell the spice of Cloves and Pepper,
Monkies and *China* [illegible]

And know the successe of the voyage of *Alcaraz*
For in the relation of the Fortunes
We children of the Starre-read Almanacks
As clearely as poore *Arcetalla* scorles
In *Speed* or *Holling shead*.
With a true larum in
'Fore *Mahomet* returns
To a Turky Factor, bid him
From me to the house of

Cric. Pray you stand here, and
Be astonish'd at his
Ros. Upon my life,
Peace not a word be silent and admire

Alb. As for the
Reveale't to none, keepe it as they
As a touch-stone of my

Alb. Signior
Exoticall dispatches of
Staid me, and casting the Nativity
O'th' *Chaos* of
With a Mercuriall
Yars welcome in a
Best second, happie third, fourth, fift and sixth,
Let the twelve houses of the
Be lodg'd with fortunes
To make you blest in your

Pan. Wer't not
I a poore mortall, would interest
In a terrestriall businesse.
Or I foresee your errant
You had a neighbour
A widdower like your selfe, who
Flavia you love, and he
Your Child *Sulpitia*,

Pan. Yes sir: O strange!
Alb. You two decreed a
And purpos'd to trucke daughters

Pan. Tell us your fancy.

Cris. This no fresh Letter.

Alb. *Antonio* after this manner calculated,
Having great Summes of gold in Gallaxy,
As clearely as poore
Desires of
In Speed or Fleeting
With a true Iaunt
For three
Since he
Now sir you
Whether
Ile tell you instantly.
I told it none but
Are you not well?
And heavenly Hinges,
Centers, concentring
To happen an Aspect fit for poore
As a touch-stone of my
Cris. Meane
Alb. And since the Lapwing
Into Cancer, old *Antonio* is flatly dead;
Drown'd in the Sea
In the first house; and th' waning
He's dead, he's dead
The Moone growes
Pan. Peace fooles;
Alb. What ominous
Mark't for disasters
Is this that follows
A plaine and honest
Cris. What
Alb. Horrour
I'de sweare thou wert hang'd
But now the Starres
Sir, send to toale his knell.
Pan. What is he dead?
Alb. He shall be by the dint of sleepe finde
Onely I spy a little hope of
Through the clouds, and
Cris. Sir, pray give no credit to this

Or with his threats of Art he is made yon doctor
As much on his feign'd skill as on mine *Flavia*.

ACT. I. SCEN. 6.

Harpax, Fastid. Album. Pandolfe. Cricca.

Har. Stay villains, stay, though safety's fear defend thee
Thou flyest. *Fast.* Come see thy worst threat fare, or die,
Cric. For heavens sake Gentlemen lay your hands, helpe, helpe,
Helpe *Albumazar*. *Harp.* Thus to the bitter'st
Of my revenge. *Cric.* Save the *Almanacke*.
Fast. And thus, and thus, and thus. *Cric.* Better, I dye, I dye.
Harp. Flie, thou hast coward? 'tis not thy heels can save thee.

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

Album. Paul. Cric.

Cric. Oh Hob! *Paul.* What ailes thee *Cricca*? *Cr.* I am dead, I
Trouble your self no more. *Paul.* What dead & speak so,
Cric. Onely there's left a little breath to tell you,
Paul. Why where art hurt? *Cric.* Stab'd with a thousand daggers,
My heart, my lights, my liver, and my skinne
Pierc't like a sive. *Paul.* Here's not a wound, stand up,
'Tis but thy feare. *Cric.* 'Tis but one wound all over!
Softly, oh softly; you have lost the truest servant, Farewell I die,
Alb. Live by my courtesie, stand up and breath,
The dangerous and malignant influence is past,
But thanke my charity that put by the blowes,
The least of which threatned a dozen graves,
Now learne to scoffe divine Astrology,
And slight her servants. *Cr.* A Surgion, good sir, a Surgeon.
Paul. Th'art well, th'art well. *Cric.* Now I perceive I am,
I pray you pardon me Divine Astrologer,

Alb. I doe, but heare-forth laugh at Astrologers
And call her servants Cheaters.

Pan. Now to our businesse, on good *Albumazar*.

Alb. Now since the moone (all cleare from Capricorne
Through Aquarius to the watry Signe of Pisces,
Antonie's drownd, and is devour'd by fishes.

Pan. Is't certaine? *Alb.* Certaine. *Pan.* Then let me earnestly
Intreat your skill a favour. *Alb.* It shall, but first
I'le tell you what you entend to aske me. *Pan.* Strange!

Alb. *Antonie* dead that promis'd you his daughter,
Your businesse is to entreat me raise his Ghost,
And force it stay at home till it have performd
The promise past and is content to rest.

Pan. That, that, that's it, sure this is *Albumazar*.

Alb. 'Tis a hard thing, for (*grosse*:
O what a businesse! what a Master-piece
Tis to raise up his Ghost whose body's eaten
By fish. This worke desires a planetary intelligence
Of *Jupiter* and *Sol*, and their great Spirits
Are proud, pharisaicall, I tell you much charges,
To entice them from the guilding of their Spheares (no coft
To waite on mortalls. *Pan.* So I may have my purpose brought to,

Alb. Sir, feare your purse, I'le do it as safely way
The worke shall cost you nothing.
We have an Art as cald *Prodigious*
That deales with spirits and intelligences
Of meaner office and condition,
Whose service craves small charges; with one of these
Ile change some servant or good friend of yours
To the perfect shape of this *Antonio*,
So like in shee, behaviour, speech and action,
That all the Towne shall sweare *Antonio* lives.

Pan. Most necromanticall Astrologer,
Doe this, and take me for your servant ever.
And for your paines, after the transformation
This chaine is yours, it cost two hundred pound,
Beside the Jewel. *Al.* After the worke is finish't, then how much

What lines are these that looke like Almanacks?
As if the stars consjur'd to do you mischiefe?

Pan. How? mean you me? *Alb.* They're dusky marks of *Saturne*,
It seems some stone shall fall upon your head,
Threatning a fracture of the Pericranium.

Pan. Cricca, quite basket, fetch my staffe again,
Threescore and ten's a reason for a Gentleman
Shakes out the love of *Phœbe* with a feare.
Is there no remedy? *Alb.* Nothing but patience.
The Planet threatens so, where's pacy Jonas?
The Stars and Planets daily war together,
For should they fight as many yeares as halfe hours
This wondrous Machin of the world would ruine.
Who can withstand their powerfull influence?

Pan. You with your wild-oats, good Astronomer.

Alb. Indeed the *Egyptian Ptolomy* the wise,
Pronounc't it as an Oracle of truth: *Sapiens dominabitur astris.*
Who's above there? *Rouca* bring down the cap
Made in the point of *Mercury* being ascendent,
Here put it on, and in your hand this Image
Fram'd on a Tuesday when the Lord of Mars
Mounted th' Horizon in the signe of *Aries*,
With these walke as unwounded as *Achilles*
Dipt by his mother *Thetis*. *Pan.* You bind me to your service.

Alb. Next get the man you purpose to transforme,
And meet me here. *Pan.* I will not fail to finde you.

Alb. Mean while with *Scotticus* instrument,
By way of *Azimuth* and *Almucantarath*
Ile seek some happy point in Heaven for you.

Pan. I rest your servant sir. *Alb.* Let all the Stars
Guide you with most propitious influence.

ACT. I. SCENE. 8.

Pandolfo, Cricca.

Pan. Tis a strange man indeed of skill profound!
How right he knew my businesse, sure he saw me?

And

And how thou scoff'st him when we talke in private,
Tis a brave instrument his Ostentation.
Cri. Instrumentall sir, I could him for a thousand
As many, under name of emptying tubs,
With promise of Alchymy, mend kettles
The gaping wiggar's, wronging the Tinkers craft
That in the Harvest makes his Progresse.
Pan. Is there no Archas i'th our Temple look *Criticke*.
Cri. None but the Arch of Heaven, this Cloister fell.
Pan. Is not that made of Marble? I have read
A stone drops from the Swallow's nest, and wears
The sir should take his Lodging and repair it.
Cri. Peace nothing [illegible] cup
Shields from the fall of [illegible]
Can checke his Art, walke boldly. *Pan.* I dare, he's in.
Exeunt Ambo.

Act. 2. Scene 1.

Trivia, Armellina.

Trivia.

HE that saith I am not in love, he lies *Dicendo dat*. For I am idle, choleric, [illegible] in my [illegible], wallow, and extreame witty: My meditations are fraught with melancholy, and songs sonnets; Nick's gone she hits his name, I have cut a passion: thus doe I to my Mistris, but she I take the doome, and she kicks me. I never lov'd a young woman fully, but by 4. thou goes *Armellina*; not a lusty strong Ass but I remember my selfe, and sit downe to consider what a goodly race of Mules would inherit, if she were willing: onely I want utterance, and that's a maine marke of love too. *Arm. Trivia, Trivia.*

Triv. O 'tis *Armellina* now if she have the wit to be [illegible] I meane she should, then will I confound her with [illegible] drawne

And [illegible]
[illegible]
Enjoyes the [illegible]
A pretty trick [illegible]
No, no; there's [illegible]
Be not so [illegible]
Then all his [illegible]
Once [illegible]
I shall appeare [illegible]
A pox of Ploughs and [illegible]
Then *Armelina* shall [illegible]
Three hundred [illegible]
And call him *Frontifer* [illegible]
Ile do't, sir; [illegible]
With this condition: after I have [illegible]
My daughter *Flavia*, you shall [illegible]
And [illegible]
Upon [illegible]
Fab. Content, [illegible]
Two hundred Crowns? [illegible]
I never meant it. *Fab.* [illegible]
And yet my hand, Ile [illegible]
And therefore [illegible]
Lets to th' Astrologer, [illegible]
Reform, conform, deform us [illegible]
I loath this Custom; [illegible]
Itches like [illegible]
Quickly, quickly, as you love [illegible]

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Albumazar, Trincalo, Pedro, Antonio.

Alb. [illegible]
And all the [illegible]
Want the twelve houses [illegible]

Your own foe-simple, they could never have chosen
A fitter place to sweeten your dotage.
For the great Intelligencer from Mithridate
And midst of Heaven and Angels, conjunctions,
And fortunate aspects, Trine and Sextiles
Ready to powre propitious influences

Pan. Thou hast [illegible] fit for to place a throne.
That is the man that [illegible]
Alb. Of a most happy star-full nativity
To square to th' Gentry that are [illegible]
As he were cov'red with Caroches always.

Tri. Except my hands and [illegible]
To fit these fingers to [illegible]

Pan. Pray let's about it [illegible]

Alb. First choose a large [illegible]
Or near including; for the Ordinall [illegible]
Most bountifull of Favours. *Pan.* [illegible]
Of a great [illegible]

Alb. South-west and [illegible]
For [illegible]
Pan. [illegible]
Alb. Observers, seem [illegible]
To the Quarters, [illegible]
Ye Sweepers, [illegible]
Minutes, Fractions, The Sine, [illegible]
Cubic, and Radix Babylonica;
With all the fabulic Cabalists [illegible]
Shape from the [illegible]

Pan. This room's [illegible]

Tri. Now do I feel [illegible]
O let me [illegible]
Thy hand dwindle to th' [illegible]
Alb. For [illegible]
Such a speech more [illegible]
To und[illegible]

Pan. Here were thole [illegible]
For through that window all [illegible]
Come from your [illegible]
Must take their flight and [illegible]
Alb. Now if this figure [illegible]
That over-look'd [illegible]
With pure white [illegible]
But if 'twere cloth [illegible]
Twere much more proper for the [illegible]

Are nice and supercilious, to refuse
With throng'd distractions of
Ros. Spoken by art
For so shall we receive what then
Free from from discovery,
All windows point full
Stub. Knock
But credit me, this parlor
To a blind alley,
Feels not the
Alb. Now then declining
Ars transfusia
Necro-pyro-geo-hydro
With other vain and
Were I as cheap at the
That represents
With smooth
Tri. O my right
Longs for a sword
Alb. And since the Moon's
For from the *Nonagon*
To the *Diametron*,
And in as much from
Thorow *Diametron* to *Nonagon*,
'Tis she must help us in
Tri. What
Hath seal'd the
And made
Pan. Deeply
O let me kisse
Alb. For by her
To understanding
Hath power t'
Curse then your parlor
Wash, rub'd, perfum'd
With pure white
But if 't were cloth of

Rom. Good good to rich beginning, good what's next?

Alb. Spread all the floore with Turkie and Persian Carpets,
And over them faire damaske Table-Cloaths,
Above all these draw out a fine Virginia speckled,
The room, the worthy [illegible] of this City
Trin. Well
Can not afford a carpet,
And bands to fullome all the Tables with.

Alb. An altar in the middle, loaden with plate
Of silver Bason, Ewer, Tankard, Beaker,
Flaggons and Bullions, Salts, Goblets, Bottles and Cruets,
There not a little of gold plate to be seen,
So they be massie, the bigger to ostentate
The lovely brother-hood of Love and Friendship,
Also some Diamonds for Jewels, and Pearle,
For by the whitenesse and [illegible]
Rom. For
That must adorn with the [illegible]

Alb. Now for the Corpulent and Sacrifice,
Provide such creatures as the Land affords,
Two sucking Lambs, [illegible]
Yet if they have a mind to a fish, I will not
The Moon her self wants not her pots. *Pan.* Tis true.

Rom. Were they bel-blasted that [illegible] them.

Alb. White Capons, Pheasants, Pigeons, the little Black-bird
Would farm and fowle the world, for lovely Wines
To quench the holy embers, Rhenish, Greek wine,
White Muskadell, Sherry, and [illegible]
So't be not greasie, [illegible]
Braker, and older, the better, for [illegible]
The more aboundance, the more [illegible]
For 'tis our rule in such like [illegible]
Who spares most, [illegible]
Or th' resolution of [illegible]
Of Peter and [illegible]
A prodigie [illegible]

Rom. A thousand thanks, I [illegible]

Pan. Thus

Thus loaden with [illegible]
Strongbuzz [illegible]
As the great Generall of our [illegible]

Pan. Sir, for riches [illegible]
But know not how [illegible]

Alb. [illegible]
Shall render all as fair as [illegible]

Pan. That can I easily do, [illegible]
If you chance meet with [illegible]
Marchpane, and dry [illegible]
'Twill help [illegible]

Alb. I had clean [illegible]
The grayest can be found, [illegible]
He use but half a dram; [illegible]
T'offer a little from a greater [illegible]

Pan. All shall be [illegible]

Alb. And when your [illegible]

Pan. My hand my [illegible]

Alb. Lead then with happy [illegible]

Pan. I go sir, *Trincalo* [illegible]
And not a word on [illegible]

Trin. Sir, if they [illegible]
And if my tongue's [illegible]

ACT. [illegible] SCENE. [illegible]

Trin. O What a [illegible]
My master [illegible]
But if I misse [illegible]
Could in the [illegible]
'Tis not their Strologie, nor [illegible]
Shall force me [illegible]
Till I be Shrieft of th' Conc[illegible]
Of Peace and [illegible]
A proffit'd [illegible]

And

And dominere amongst my feare-full neighbours.
And feast them bountifully with their own baibes. *Cri. Treacle!*
Tri. 'Tweare a gold chaine as every quarter Sessions
Looke big, and grace and beare not one wife weare. *Cri. Treacle!*
Tri. Examine wenches got with child, and curiously
Search all the circumstances: have blank *Mittimusses*
Printed in readinesse; breath nought but Sirra,
Rogue, ha? how? hum? Constable looke to your charge.
Then vouch a Statute and a Latine Sentence,
Wide from the matter. *Cri. Treacle. Tri.* Licence all Alchouse,
Match my Son in *Tranlsyvania* to a Knights daughter,
And buy a bouncing Pedigree of a welch Herald; and there's
Cri. What in such serious meditations?
Tri. Faith no; but building Castles in the Ayre,
While th'weathers fit: O *Criticus*, such a businesse!
Cri. What is't? *Tri.* Nay soft, there secrets to my master;
Lock'd in my breast: he has the key at's purse strings.
Cri. My masters secret? keep it good Partner, keep it,
I would not lend an eare to't if thou didst hire me. Fare-well.
Tri. O how it boyles and swels: if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow a impostume in my breast, and choake me. *Cri.* Adieu
Cri. Adieu good *Trincalo*, the secrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't. *Tri.* But hear it thou,
Say I should tell, canst keep't as close as I do't?
Cri. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu.
Cri. Fare well. *Tria Albumazar*
Th'Astrologer hath undertooke to change me
T'*Antonio's* shape: this done, must I give *Flavia*
To my old master, and his maid to *Trincalo*?
Cri. But where's
Tri. Gone newly home to choose a chamber fitting
For transmutation: so now my heart's at ease.
Cri. I feare the skill and cunning of *Albumazar*
With his black Art by whom *Lucilla* seeks
To compasse *Flavia*, spight of her brother
And his owne Son *Emanuel*, loves her dearely
I'le loose no time, but find them and my

The plot and worke to create this gentleman
Your Friends, are they Faith and Veneroll
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?
Trin. What care I for a life, that have a Leafe
For three, but I am certain there's no danger in't.
Cric. No danger, but thy finger and thy palms itch,
Then what wilt do to shred and mince thy carkasse,
Bury't in horse-dung, mould it new, and turn it
T' *Antonio*; and when th'art chang'd, *ô Lello*
Call out your guests, in the words of punishment
Thou must endure, no more all the Scene
Of gains makes thee t' be not transform'd.
Trin. Cricca, thou understandst doctor *Antonio*
Whom I resemble, farewell *Antonio*.
Cri. Yonder they come, be hence and hide to *Lello*.

ACT. 5. SCENE 5.

Albumazar. Pandulfo. Civetta.

Alb. THen look to the prove the plate and hangings,
And other Accoutrements give strict order
The Rooms be cleans'd, perfum'd and hanged, meane while
With Astrologie and Mathematicks
He fume the Cuppe and Almond
And know what Planet is in Cazimi.
Pan. All shall be ready, Sir, as you command it.
Trin. Doctor *Albumazar*, I have a vein of drinking
And artery of Leachery runs through my body,
Pray when you turn the Celestiall Globe,
Those two, [illegible]
Alb. Feare not, he only cast the Sun, good Fellow Trin.
And th'other, ev'n to Revelation.
Tri. And when you come to th' heart, [illegible] the love of Nan
And in my brain, leave a [illegible]
As may spy [illegible]
And let me alone for [illegible]

And

And if you change me perfectly, [illegible]
Ile bring y'a dozen Knights for customers.
Alb. I warrant thee: sir, are you well instructed
In all these necessaries? *Pan.* Th'are in my Table-book.
Alb. Forget not clothes for th' new transformed, and robes
For me to sacrifice, you know the fashion.
Ile rather change five, then apparell one:
For men have living soules, clothes are inanimate.
Pan. Here take this Ring, deliver it to my brother,
An Officer in the Wardrobe, he'l furnish you
With Robes and Clothes of any guise or fashion.
Alb. Almutzen Alchocheden of the fixt second pace.
Pan. I kisse your hands divine Astrologer.

ACT. 2. SCENE 6.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. VP quickly *Trincalo* to my child *Sulpitia*,
Bid her lay out my fairest Damaske Table-clothes,
The fairest Holland sheets, all the silver Plate
Two Gossips cups of gold my greatest Diamonds
Make haste. *Trin.* As fast as *Alchocheden* and *Almutzen*
Can carry me: for sure these two are Devils.
Pan. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Foure houres attendance till my man be chang'd,
Full locks me in the lonely armes of *Flavia*, Away *Trincalo*,
How slow the day slides on when we desire
Times haste, it seems to lose a match with Lobsters,
And when we wish him stay, he lends his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. Why *Trincalo*?
Trin. Here sir. *Pan.* Come let's away for cloth of silver,
Wine and materials for the Sacrifice.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

Lelio, Eugenio, Cynthio.

Le. Eugenio, these words are wonders past belief.

Is your old Father of so poore a judgement
To think it in the power of man to turne
One person to another. *Eug. Lelio*, his desire
T'enjoy your sister *Flavia*, begets hope,
Which like a waking dream, makes false apparence
Lively as truth it selfe. *Le.* But who's the man
That works these miracles? *Eug.* An Astrologer.
Le. How deals Astrologie with transmutation?
Cri. Under the vaile and colour of Astrologie,
He clouds his hellish skill in Necromancy.
Believe it, by some Art, or false imposture,
Hee'l much differ be your love, and yours. *Eugenio*,
Le. Eugenio, tis high time for t' awake.
And as you love our *Flavia*, and I
Your sister faire *Sulpitia*; let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who fals into a Sea,
Swolne big with tempest, but he boldly beares
The waves with arms and legs, to save his life.
So let us strive 'gainst troublous storms of Love,
With our best power, left after we alas be
The losse to our dull swimming lightness, not Fortune.
Eug. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,
The holy League of friendship should command me,
Besides the seconding *Sulpitia's* love,
Who to your noble parts commends her life.
Le. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me.
For th' sacred name whereof, I have rejected
Your fathers offers, importunities,
Letters, Conditions, Servants, Friends, and lastly
He's tender of *Sulpitia* in Exchange
For *Flavia*. But though I love your sister
Like mine own soule, yet did the lawes of Friendship
Master that strong affection; and denied him.
Eug. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service
Wait on your will. *Cricca* our hope's in thee,
Thou must instruct us. *Cri.* You must trust in Fortune
That makes of asses the wisest men oft times.

Le. What say'st? what think'st? *Cri.* Here's no great need of
Not speech; the oile of Scorpions cures their poyson. (thinking
The thing it selfe that's bent to hurt and hinder you
Offers a remedy: 'tis no sooner known
But th'worst on't is prevented. *Eug.* How good *Cricca!*
Cri. Soon as you see this false *Antonio*
Come neere your doors with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion:
With long narrations how he scapt't from shipwrack
And other faind inventions of his dangers:
Bid him be gone, and if he prattle to enter,
Feare not the reverence of your fathers looks,
Cudgell him thence. *Le.* But were't not better *Cricca*
Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return,
And so by open course of Law correct him,
Cri. No. For my master would conceive that counsell
Sprung from my brains; and so should I repent it.
Advise no more, but home and charge your people,
That if *Antonio* come, they drive him thence
With threatning words, and blows if need be. *Le.* 'Tis done.
I kisse your hands *Eugenio.* *Eug.* Your servant sir.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 8.

Eugenio, Cricca, Flavia.

Eug. *Cricca* commend my service to my Mistris.
Cri. Commend it t'her your self. Mark't you not while
We talk't, how through the window she attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there she's. *Eug.* 'Tis true.
And as from nights of Storms the glorious Sun
Breaks from the East, and chaseth thence the Clouds,
That choake the Ayre with horrour, so her beauty
Dispels sad darknesse from my troubled thoughts,
And cleers my heart. *Fla.* Life of my soule well met.
Eug. How is't my dearest *Flavia?* *Fla.* *Eugenio,*
As best becomes a woman, most unfortunate.

Then having lov'd so long, and been perswaded
Her chaft affection was to yours required,
Have by delayes been tamish'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your vertue kindled, then y'had fled,
Intreated, sworne, and vow'd, and long ere this
Wrought all means possible to effect our marriage.
But now. *Eug.* Sweet soule desaire not, weep not thus,
Unlesse you wish my heart should like blood drop
Fast as your eyes do teares. What is't you feare?
Fla. First, that you love me not. *Eug.* Not love my *Flavia!*
Wrong not your judgement: ring me this amorous breft
And in that Temple see a heart that burnes
I'th' Vestall sacrifice of chastest love,
Before your beauties Deitie. *Fla.* If so,
Whence grows this coldnesse in soliciting
My brother to the match? *Eug.* Consider sweet eh;
I have a father Rivall in my love;
And though no duty, reverence, nor respect
Have power to change my thoughts: yet tis not comely
With open violence to withstand his will:
But by faire courses try to divert his mind
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor feare of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall crosse our purposes.
Comfort your selfe sweet *Flavia*; for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his best services.
Fla. But other feares oppresse me: me thinks I see
Antonio my old father, now return'd,
Whom all intelligence have drown'd this three moneths,
Enforcing me to marry the foole *Benedict*,
Thus to obtain *Sulpitia* for himselfe:
And so last night I dream'd, and ever since
Have been so fear'd, that if you have not (we most desire,
Expect my death. *Eug.* Dreams flow from thoughts of things
Or feare, and seldome prove true. Oughout would they did.
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best *Flavia*: as I hope I shall be.

Cris.

Cri. Sir, pray take your leave this is no end,
'Twill but increase your griefe and hers. *Eug.* Farewell,
Sweet *Flavia*, rest contented with assurance
Of my best love and service. *Fla.* Farewell, *Eugenio*.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 9.

Salpitia. Flavia.

Sal. Let me kisse your hands.

Fla. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I saw you not,
Sal. Which you have some fixt thoughts draw your eyes inward
When you see not your friends before you.
Fla. True, and I think the same that troubles you
Sal. Then 'tis the love of a young Gentleman and bitter hatred of an old Dotard.
Fla. 'Tis so, Witnesse your brother *Eugenio*, and the rotten carkas of *Pandolfo*. Had I a hundred hearts, I should want roome to entertain his love, and the other's hate.
Sal. I could fly as much, were't not sinne to slander the dead, miserable wenches, how have we offended our fathers, that they should make us the price of their dotage, the medcines of their sinne, that have more need of Physick our selves? I must be frozen with the cold of your Dads Winter, that mine may thaw his old lee with the Spring of your fifteen. I thank my dead mother that left me a womans will in her last Testament: That's all the weapons wee poore Girles can use, and with that will I fight 'gainst father, friends, and kindred, and either enjoy *Lelio*, or die in the field in a quarrell.

Fla. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.
Sal. Why? should I twine mine armes to sables, and sigh my soule to ayre? Sit up all night like a Watching Candle, and distill my braine through mine eyes? Because your brother loves me, and love your brother, and where these two conspire, I would faine my third could hinder us.

Fla.

Fla. Alas, our Sex is most wretched, nurst up from infancy in continuall slavery. No sooner able to pray for our selves, but they brayle and bind us so with lawes, awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate at our desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure; wee poore soules must take up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the mother.

Sul. I plainly will professe my love of *Lelio*, tis honest, chast, and stains not modesty. Shall I be married to *Antonio*, that hath been a foust Sea-fish, this three moneths! and if he be alive comes home with as many impaire, as a Hunting Gelding fat no Packhorse. No, no, Ile see him freeze to Christall first. Mother things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse if I like not. *Lelio's* a handsome Gentleman, young, fresh, rich, and well fashioned, and him will *Sulpitia* have, or die a maid: And sirah, the temper of my blood tells mee I was never borne to so cold a misfortune. Fie *Flavia*, fie wench, no more with teares and sighs, cheere up, *Eugenio* to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him: I say you shall have him.

Fla. I doubt not of his love, but know no meanes how he dare worke against so great a Rivall: your father in a spleene may disinherit him.

Sul. And give't to whom? has none but him and mee? Why though he dote awhile upon your beauty; hee will not prove unnaturall to his sonne. Go to your chamber, my Genius whispers in my eare, and sweares this night we shall enjoy our loves, and with that hope farewell.

Fla. Farewell *Sulpitia*.

Finis Act. 2.

Act. 3. *Scene* 1.

Pandolfo, Crisea.

Pan. VVHile the Antipodes heave up *Tricesse* Sparring and framing him a Husband

Crisea Ile make thee partner of a thought

That something trouble me.

Pan. I have no heart to give it,

The chain I promis'd him,

And He present it to him in your name.

Pan. 'Twas done as kindness to our house for your

And should I leave it now, I fear 'twould

Would flie from us and follow it.

The price in gold.

Pan. It comes to a hundred pounds.

And how would that well-bestowed grow in time!

I was a foolish prodigal confident,

I was too hot and forward in the business.

Cri. Indeed I suspect that you were the

You win or lose the chain

Willingly, would part with such a summe so easily.

Pan. My covetous thrift aymes at no other marke

Then in fit time and place to shew my bounty.

Who gives continually, only wants

Wherewith to feed his liberality.

But for the love of my dearest

I would not

Cri. Is he not

Alb. Answer

Why should I tell

Cri. True; I have a trick

How you may

And save the chain

But feare he understands

Cri. What

There's so much

Cri.

Of the transformation of your

Pan. Help, help, I am

Cri. What a noyse

That thus am

The Watch and

Neighbours I am undone

Before a Justice, and in the

What ayles you Sir, you give the

Otherwise not. *Pan.* But if we be discovered
For by his Instruments and Books he can do much. *Alb.* Let all the Sulcars
But here's the mayn point. If you can dissemble
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to express
Pitty and anger, that is hers, and no more
Should use his friendship daily: If you can
An out-cry well, and counterfeit
Pan. He fetch a cry from the bottom of my belly
But I'le roare loud enough, that thou shalt second
With wonder at the subtilty of Nature. *Cri.* But
You win or lose the chair. *Alb.* No more, no more
Alb. SIgnior *Pandolfo*, three quarters of an hour
Renders your servant perfectly transformed.
Cri. Is he not wholly gone? *Alb.* Antonio's shape
Only his hands and feet, his large mouth
Require more time to frame. *Cri.* Pray you how
How long shall he continue this Metamorphosis?
Alb. The compleat circle of a natural day
Just twice twelve hours, and then perfect the Vespa motion.
Rowles all the Orbs from Pole to Pole
Pan. Help, help, the cause
Cri. What a noyse make you for?
That thus am robb'd by Thieves and Cut-throats
The Watch and Officers, Friends and Constables
Neighbours I am undone. *Cri.* This will happen
So he hold out still with a higher strain
What ayles you sir?

Of all my hangings, clothes and silver plate.

Cri. Why, this is bravely done, continue sir.

Pan. Lay all the Goldsmith, Keepers, Marshals, Bayliffs

Cri. Fie sir, your passion fails, cry louder, roare
That all the Street may heare. *Pan.* Theeves, theeves, theeves
All that I had is gone, and more then all.

Cri. Ha, ha, ha! hold out, lay your hand to your throat,
A little lowder. *Pan.* I can cry no longer,
My throat's sore, I am robb'd, all's gone,
Both my own treasure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I have lost my voyce,
Cry fire, and then they'l heare thee. *Cri.* Good, good, theeves,
What hast you lost? *Pan.* Wine, jewels, table-clothes,
A Cup-board of rich plate. *Cri.* Fie, you'le spoyle all,
Now you out-do it. Say but a bowle or two.

Pan. Villain, I say all's gone, the Room's as clean
As a wipt looking glasse: oh me, oh me. *Cri.* What, in good earnest?

Pan. Fool in accursed earnest. *Cri.* You gull me sure.

Pan. The window towards the South stands ope, from whence
went all my treasure. Where's the Astrologer?

Alb. Here sir, and heard you all this while laughing
To see you vex your selfe in vain. *Pan.* In vain! *Albumazar*,
I left my Plate with you, and all safe!
And you shall answer it. *Alb.* Of your's is nothing
By powre of Art, to check what Art hath done.
All rich, and curious Plate, your man should never be sensible
Your Plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,
Linnen, and all the rest I gave to *Francatrip*,
And for more safety, lock'd them in the Lobby
To get it carefully. Now as you love your Mistris
To beare him not this half houre, left you'le have him
Like to a Centaure, half Clowne, half Gentleman,
Suffer his foot and hand that's yet unperfect
To be inobled like his other members.

Pan. Albumazar, I pray you pardon me,
Th'unlookd for barenesse of the Room amaz'd me,

Alb. How? think you he is big enough to take
So rich a masse of treasure worth 40000 ducates
Of a large extent, and
No sir, my sacrifice no doubt
But I wrapt all up
I could be angry, but that
Excuses you.
Halfe an houre past,
And spoyld the work, but no hand done,
Westward, directly
Then turn back, and
And as you
I mean the
Westward good
Now your out-door. Say but a bowle or two.

ACT. 3. SCENE 2.

Alb. Fy
Is not this braver then
Picking of locks, or
Here's plate and
All rich, and easily
And wait till
With a low reverence
Give him this gold with thanks, well
Before he went so
Alb. There
To get't again, if not, for gain
To beare that losse.
The Curtezan, let her
Inamored of
To banket with her, and by all means possible
Force him stay there two houres.
Alb. That in that time thou mayst convey

Our

Our treasure to the Inne, and [illegible] a Boat
Ready for *Gravesend*, and provide a Supper
Where, with those peerlesse liquors, and good meate
We'l cheere our selves, and thus well fed, and merry
Take Boat by night.

Fur. And when will you do?

Alb. First in and usher me, then change long *Trincalo*
Then finish up a businesse of great profit
Begun with a rich Marchant, that admires
My skill in Alchymy. I must not lose it.

Ros. Harpax bestow the plaister, *Furbo* our beards
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,
And at the time and place meet all at Supper.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

Alb. STand forth transform'd *Albumazar* follow'd
From brown sear feathers of dull processary
To th' glorious blessednesse of Country-squire
I could [illegible]
Sweare boldly y'are the man you represent
And on each stiff breast
To all that dare deny it
Most strangely alter'd, but methinks my face
Feels still like *Trincalo*
Senses are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive Angler
Fixing his [illegible] on the swift streame
Of a [illegible] torrent soone
His sight to Land, but giddy thinks the [illegible]
And constant trees, move like the running waters
So you that thirty yeers have liv'd in
Chang'd suddainly, think y'are [illegible]
These thoughts will vanish
To read your skill in these new Elements.

Alb. I'l rather give you poyson for a glasse
By secret power of cast'ring reflections
And Optick vertue, spoyle the [illegible]
Of transformation, and in a moment turns you

Spight of my skill, to T*rivelo* as before:
We reade that *Apuleius* by a Rose
Chang'd from an Asse to Man: so by a mirrour,
You'l loose this noble lustre, and turn Asse.
I humbly take my leave; but still remember
T'avoid the Devill and a Looking-glasse.
New-born *Antonio*, I kisse your hands.

Tri. Divine *Albumazar*, I kisse your hands.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 5.

Trincalo, Albumazar.

Tri. NOw I am grown a Gentleman, and a fine one,
I know't by th'kissing of my hands so courtly,
My courteous knees bend in so true distance
As if my foot walkt in a frame of purpose.
Thus I accost you: O thou sweet sir, your servant.
Nay, more your servants servant: that's your grand-servant.
I could descend from the top of *Paul's* to the bottome,
And on each step strew gaining complements,
Strive for a doore, while a good Carpenter
Might make a new one. I am your shadow sir,
And bound to wait upon you: faith I will not play sir, &c.
O brave *Albumazar*!

Rou. Just *Æsops* Crow, prank't up in borrowed feathers.

Tri. My veins are fild with new nectar. Ofan Chyrurgian
To ope this arme, and view my gentle blood,
To try if't run two thousand pounds a yeere:
I feele my understanding is inlarg'd
With the rare knowledge of this latter age.
A sacred fury ever-lives me. Prime!
Deale quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings six pence,
You see't? my rest, five and a fifty. Boy, more Cards.
And as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oathes
For me; Ile pay thee again with interest.
O brave *Albumazar*!

Ros. How his imagination boyles, and works in all things
He ever saw or heard! *Tri.* At Gleeke's content,
A mourneyvall of Aces, Gleeke of Knaves,
Just nine apiece, Sir, my gray Barbary
'Gainst your dun Cow, three main sets and the course,
For fifty pound as I am a Gentleman
Ile meet next Cocking, and bring a Haggard with me
That stoops as free as lightning, strikes like thunder,
I lye? my reputation you shall beare up.
O brave *Albumazar*! *Tri.* Now I know
Ros. He's grow starke mad! I feare me. Now I know
I am perfectly transform'd, my minde incites me
To challenge some brave fellow for my credit,
And for more safety, get some friend in private
To take the bail, tie up in peace and quiet.
Ros. Signior *Antonio*? *Tri.* Peace, not a word of *Trincalo*,
In all his frame, but the love of *Venetia*.
We'r not for these I de travell, and home again
As wise as I went over. *Ros.* Signior *Antonio*? welcome ten thousand times
Blest be the Heavens and Seas for your return
Tri. I thank you, *Antonio* is your servant, (you:
I am glad to see you well. Fie, I kisse your hands and thus accost
Ros. This three months all your kindred, friends, and children,
Mourn'd for your death. *Tri.* And so they well might do,
For five dayes I was under water; and at length
Got up and spred my selfe upon a chest,
Rowing with armes, and stearing with my feet;
And thus in five dayes more got land believe it
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe return from *Barbary* at your service
Ros. Welcome ten thousand times from *Barbary*
No friend more glad to see *Antonio*
Then I: nor am I thus far hence of gain
But that I finde occasion to be grateful
By your return. Do you remember (sir
Before you went, as I was once arrested

And

And could not you a hayre, you pilfring by,
Lent me ten pounds, and so ingratefully d'ye deale?

Tri. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

Ren. Oft have I waited at your doore with money,
And many thanks but you were still beyond Sea.
Now am I happy of this faire occasion
To testifie my honest care to pay you,
For you may need it. *Tri.* Sir, I do indeed,
Witnesse my treasure cast away by shipwracke.

Ren. Here sir. *Tri.* Is the gold good, for mine was good I take it?

Ren. It was, and so is this. Signior *Antonio*, for all offence
Call me your servant. *Tri.* Farewell good servant, honest man.
I know not so much by his tune, ten pounds hath changed hands
then my birth: for in all the yeers of my yeomanry I could never
yoake two crownes, and now have handled ten fifteen twenty
shilling pieces. Now will I go to this Astrologer, and hire him
turn my Cart to a Caroch, my Whip to my Mace, my Frize Coate to my Damask Mantle,
my Mistris *Armellina* to a Lady, my Plow-boy to a brace of two guilded foot-men: then will I harry my self into the Mercers Booke,
weare rich Jewells, be call'd Worp by a great man, all my bils
pay no debts, hate Citizens, and beat Serjeants: when all fails,
sheafle out of Assize with a two-penny Looking-glasse, and turne
as true *Tribonello* as ever.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 8.

Harpax. Tribonello.

Har. Signior *Antonio*, welcome. *Tri.* My life here to serve you
more. I thank you heartily.

Harp. Never in fairer season could I finde you.
If you remember sir, before you went from hence
To *Barbary*, I lent you ten pounds in gold.

Tri. Faith I remember me such thing, yet only me.
What may I call your name? *Harp.* My name is *Harpax*,
Your friend and neighbour, of your acquaintance.

Tri. What *Harpax*? I am your servant, I kisse your hands?

You

You must excuse me, you never lent me money.

Har. Sir, as I live, ten twentie shilling pieces.

Tri. Dangers at Sea, I finde, have hurt my memory.

Har. Why here's your own hand-writing seal'd and sign'd,
In presence of your cousen *Julio*.

Tri. 'Tis true, tis true; but I sustaind great losses
By reason of the shipwrack. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you? and to morrow morning
Come to my house and take the rest. *Har.* Well sir,
Though my necessitie would importune you
For all, yet on your Worships word, the rest
Ile call for in the morning. Farewell *Antonio*.

Tri. I see we Gentlemen can sometime borrow
As well as lend, and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. Ile home, lest other Creditors
Call for the rest.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 7.

Ronca. Trincalo.

Ron. SIgnior *Antonio*! I saw you as I landed,
And in great haste follow'd to congratulate
Your safe return, with these most wisht embraces.

Tri. And I accept your joy with like affection.
How do you call your wife? *Ron.* Have you forgot
Your deare friend *Ronca*, whom you lov'd so well?

Tri. O I remember now my deare friend *Ronca*.

Ron. Thanks to the fortune of the Seas that sav'd you.

Tri. I feare I owe him money: how shall I shift him?
How do's your body *Ronca*? *Ron.* My deare *Antonio*,
Never so well as now I have the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all the Exchange
Gave drown'd for three whole months. My deare *Antonio*.

Tri. I thank you sir. *Ron.* I thank you. *Tri.* While my deare *Ronca*
Clipt me, my purse-fists dangerously over both his arms
And hands embrac'd my neck: here's none behind me.

How can this be? *Ron.* Most deare *Antonio*,
Was not your passage dangerous from *Barbary*?
We had great windes and tempests; and I feare me,
You felt the force at Sea. *Tri.* Yes dearest *Ronca*.
How's this? I see his hands, and yet my purse is gone.
Ron. Signior *Antonio*, I see your mind's much troubled
About affaires of worth; I take my leave:
And kisse your hands of Liberalitie.
Tri. And kisse my hands of Liberalitie?
I gave him nothing: Oh my purse, my purse!
Deare Master *Ronca*. *Ron.* Whats your pleasure sir?
Tri. Shew me your hand. *Ro.* Here tis. *Tr.* But where's th'other?
Ron. Why here. *Tri.* But I mean where's your other hand?
Ron. Think you me the Gyant with a hundred hands?
Tri. Give me your right. *Ron.* My right?
Tri. Your left *Ron.* My left?
Tri. Now both. *Ron.* There's both my deare *Antonio*:
Keep your selfe dark, eat broth: your fearfull passage,
And want of naturall rest, hath made you frantick.
Tri. Villain, rogue, cut-purse, thief, dear *Ronca* stay: he's gone
I'th'Devils name, how could this fellow do it?
I felt his hands fast lockt about my neck;
And still he spoake, it could not be his mouth:
For that was full of deare *Antonio*:
My life he stole't with his feet: such a trick more
Will work worse with me then a Looking-glasse:
To lose five pound in cart'fit, and the rest
In salutation! *Ron.* Signior *Antonio*,
What ails you? *Tri.* *Ronca* a Rogue, a Cut-purse
Hath rob'd me of five twenty shilling pieces.
Ron. What kind of man was he? something like me?
Tri. Had such a thievish countenance as your own,
But that he wore a black patch ore his eye.
Ron. Met you with *Ronca*: tis the cunningst nimmer
Of the whole company of Cut-purse hall.
I am sorrie I was not here to warn you of him.

ACT. 3. SCENE 8.

Furbo, Benilous, Trincalo.

Ben. FUrbo no more, unleſſe thy words were charms
Of power to revive him: *Antonio's* dead.
He's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my eares are deafe to Muſick
That ſounds of pleaſure: ſing then the dolefulſt notes
That e're were ſet by Melancholly: O *Antonio*!

Furbio *ſings this Song:*

Flow ſtreams of liquid ſalt from my ſad eyes,
To celebrate his mournfull Exequies.
Antonio's dead, he's dead, and I remayn
To draw my poor life in continuall pain,
Till it have paid to his ſad memory
Duty of love: O then moſt willingly,
Drown'd with my teares, as he with waves, I die:

Ben. Break thy ſad ſtrings, and inſtrument: O ſtrange ſhe's here.
Signior *Antonio*! my hearts ſweet content!
My life and better portion of my ſoule!
Are you return'd? and ſafe? for whoſe ſad death
I ſpent ſuch ſtreams of tears, and guſts of ſighs?
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy
Frames your deſired ſhape, and mocks my ſenſes?

Tri. Whom do you talk withall faire Gentlewoman?

Ben. With my beſt friend, commander of my life,
My moſt beloved *Antonio*. *Tri.* With me?
What's your deſire with me ſweet Lady?

Ben. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,
To what you pleaſe: for all my liberty
Lies in your ſervice. *Tri.* Now I ſmell the buſineſſe;
This is ſome Gentlewoman enamoured
With him whoſe ſhape I beare: Fie what an Aſſe
Was I to ſtrange my ſelfe, and loſe the occaſion
Of a good banquet, and her company?
Ile mend it as I can. Madam, I did but jeſt

To try if absence caus'd you to forget
A friend that lov'd you ever. *Ben.* Forget *Antonio*,
Whose deare remembrance doth informe the soule
Of your poore servant? *Tri.* Devilonia! no,
No, had you dy'd, it had not quench'd one sparke
Of th'sweet affection which your love hath kindled
In this warme brest. *Tri.* Madam, the waves had drown'd me!
But that your love held up my chin. *Ben.* Will't please you
Enter, and rest your selfe, refresh the weariness
Of your hard travaile; I have good wine and fruits,
My Husband's out of town: you shall command
My house, and all that's in't. *Tri.* Why are you married?
Ben. Have you forgot my Husband? an angry rover?
Tri. O I remember him: but if he come.
Ben. Whence grows this fear? how come you so respectfull?
You were not wont be intimidated with such a cold neese.
Go in sweet life, go in.
Tri. O I remember while I liv'd in *Barbary*
A pretty Song the *Moores* sing to a Gridiron:
Sweet Madam by your favour I sing it to this.

Alcoch Dolab, &c. Thus in English.

My heart in pieces doth fly,
Of thy beauty,
While I
Die.
Pity
And why
Should I live now
My best beloved Amie.
Make thy sweet complaint,
My breast to receive the dew
While all Lovers
Do grieve.
O!
For
Me so,
How can I live to
Abroad to fly me so?

This

This the *Moores* call two wings upon a Gridiron.
But it goes sweeter than both (from all instruments)
In as you love your ease, go,

Ben. There's one within my kinsman really strung: go in.

Tri. Sweet Lady pardon me, I'le follow you
Happy *Antonio* in so rare a Mistris!
But happier I, that in his place enjoy her:
I fly full, there's no pleasure like triumphant wings.

ACT. 5. SCENE 9.

Enter Ben. Trin. Tri.

Ben. NOw is the Asse expecting a banquet,
Ready to court, embrace, and kiss his Mistris.
But Ile soon shave him. Tick, tock, what ho!

Tri. Who's this so bold by knocking? I am not within.
Or busie: Why so importunate? what is't? *Ben.* 'Tis I, up *Tregaldo*.

Ben. Your name? *Ben.* Thomas up *William*, up *Morgan* up *Ben.*

Tri. Spinola's Camp's broke loose a troupe of Souldiers!

Ben. O me! my Husband! O me wretch, 'tis my Husband.

Tri. Quicksands, and Seas for so many sumes I won. *Ben.* O sir

He's more outragious Devils in his sight, come
Then many. As you respect your life, avoid him.
Down at that window. *Tri.* 'Tis as high as *Paul's*.
Open the Garden doores! *Ben.* He has the keyes.
Down at some window, as you love your life.
O that I were be.
Tender my honour, and your safety. *Ben.* Prethee
First creep thy self out, and then help me.
Down, or Ile break the doores, and with the splinters
And with them
Beat all thy bones to pieces. Down you whore, quick
Then barrell him
To the grave. *Tri.* Be patient but a little, I come instantly.

Ben. Is't you no treason nor check to hide me? *Ben.* None sir.
Alas I am clean undone, it is my Husband.
Our villain, our
Ben. Doubtlesse, this whore hath some of her companions
That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain
Ile bath my hungry sword, and sharp revenge,
In his heart-bloud. Come down. *Ben.* I cannot stay.
There stands an empty Hogshead with a false bottom

To ope and shut at pleasure; come hither, sh,
In as you love your life. *Tri.* But heare you Madam,
Is there no Looking-glasse within't? for I hate glasses
As naturally as some do Cats, or Cheese.
Ben. In, in, there's none. *Ros.* Who now? Is the Asse past?
Ben. I tunn'd him up, ha, ha, ha, I feare he'le fall a working.
Ros. Second me hand-finely, we'le entertain him
An houre or two, and laugh and get his cloaths
To make our sport up. Wife, where's the empty Hogshead
That wont to stand under the staires? *Ben.* There still.
Ros. Out with it quickly; I must have it fild.
Ben. Not to day, good sir, to morrow will serve as well.
Ros. I must ha't now. *Ben.* 'Tis more then I can carry.
Ros. He help thee so, so. Foh this vessell's musty.
Fetch out some water. *Ben.* Fetch it your selfe.
Tri. Pox of all Transmutation, I am smother'd.
Lady, as you love me, give the Hogshead vent,
The beere that's in't will work and break the vessell.
Ben. Signior *Antonio*, as you love your life
Lie still and close, for if you stirre you die.
Ros. So, so, now shake it, so, so. *Tri.* Oh I am undone, I drown.
Ros. Whence comes this hollow sound? I drown, I drown.
Ros. My life is *Trivia*, for I have heard that Cucumber
That Asse, that Clown seeks to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the Country.
O that 'twere he. How would I use the villain?
First crop his eares, then slit his nose and geld him,
And with a red hot iron seare his raw wounds,
Then barrell him again, and send the Eunuch (in hoste)
To the great Turk to keep his Concubines. Tick, tock, who's with-
Ros. One that you dare not touch. *Ros.* One that I dare not?
Out villain, out. Signior *Antonio* is it
Had it been any but your selfe, he dyed;
But as you sav'd my life before you went,
So now command mine in your service.
I would have sworne y'had been drown'd in *Barbary*.
Tri. 'Twas a hard passage, but not so dangerous

As was this vessell. Pray you conceive no ill,
I meant no harme, but call'd of your wife to know
How my sonne *Lelio* did, and daughter *Flavia*.
Rom. Sir I believe you. *Tri.* But I must tell you one thing,
You must not be so jealous, on my honour
She's very honest. *Rom.* For you I make no question.
But there's a Rogue call'd *Trincalo*, whom if I catch,
Ile teach him. *Tri.* Who, you mean *Pandolfo's* Farmer.
Alas poore foole, he's a stark Asse, but harmlesse.
And though she talk with him, tis but to laugh
As all the world do's at him, come be friends
At my intreaty. *Rom.* Sir, for your sake, *Rom.* I thank you.
Tri. Lets have a fire, and while I dry my self,
Provide good wine and meat, Ile dine with you.
I must not home thus wet, I am something bold with you.
Rom. My house and self are at your service. *Tri.* Lead in.
Alas, poore *Trincalo*, hadst thou been taken,
Thou hadst been tunn'd for *Tenkin*.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, faire fall *Antonio's* shape,
What a notorious Wittal's this! Ha, ha, ha.

Finis Act. 3.

Act. 4. Scene 1.

Antonio.

THus by great favour of propitious Stars,
From fearfull storms, shipwrack and raging billows,
Merciffe jawes of Death, am I return'd
To th'safe and quiet bosome of my Country,
And wish'd embracements of my Friends and Kindred.
The memory of their misfortunes past,
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure
I shall receive of my sonne *Lelio*,
And daughter *Flavia*. So doth alloy

Make

Make gold, that else were not worth a rush.
So the rugged Forehead of a threatning Mountain,
Threatens the smoothness of a smiling Valley.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Cri. WHat did I not know it was this *Trincalo*
That did the right Asinine part so perfectly
I'd almost sworn both were true, or both were false.

Ant. This man flatters me above the ordinary
Of my return. *Cri.* O wonderful power of Unity
And skill of drive-about! you that are married
May fitly frame, set this rule stronger
Cloath your wives servants in your shape, and use you
As *Jupiter* did *Amphitrio*. You that are rich
In your own forme may lose your gold. *Ant.* 'Tis *Criticus*,
Cri. He seems so just the counterfeit resemblance,
That I dare hardly ask him as I purpose.

Ant. Criticus, well met, how fares my friend *Pandolfo*?

Cri. Your friend *Pandolfo*? how are your means improv'd,
To stile familiarly your Masters friend? *Ant.* What sayst thou?
Cri. That I rejoyce your Worship's safe returnd
From your late drowning. Th' Exchange hath giv'n you lost;
And all your friends worn mourning three months past.

Ant. The danger of the shipwrack I escapt,
So desperate was, that I may truly say
I am now born, not liv'd. *Cri.* Hath he through what a face
And goodly countenance the rascall pedler?
What a grave portance? would not one have sworn
Himself out-do him? O you notorious
Who would have thought you could have thus transformed?

Ant. How now Villain! what mean you
Use your companions so; more reverence
Becomes you better. *Cri.* Although I understood him,

The

The end of all this plot and goodly businesse?
Come I know all, see this untill'd clod of earth,
Conceits his minde transform'd, as well as body.
He wrings and bites his lips for feare of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Why laugh you sirra? *Cri.* To see thee chang'd
So strangely, that I cannot spy on such
Of thy old Clownish Carlos. Ha, ha. *Aur.* Laughter proceeds
From absurd actions that are materiall. *Cri.* Ha, ha, ha,
Sententious Block-head. *Aur.* And y'are all advis'd
To jeast in stead of pitty. Alas! my miseries,
Dangers of death, slavery of cruell Moores,
And tedious journeys, might have easily altred
A stronger body; much more this decay'd vessell,
Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.

Cri. Leave your set speeches: Go to *Albumazar's* house,
Effect your businesse, For upon my credit
Th'art safe well inform'd, they dare not but receive thee.

Aur. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there,
From my own house, children and family?

Cri. Is't possible this Coxcombe should conceive
His minde transform'd? How gravely he concludes
The countenance he began! Ha, ha. Why Blockhead?
Thinkst to deceive me too? Why *Trincalo!*

Aur. I understand you not. Hands off. *Cri.* Art not thou *Trincalo*, *Pandolfo's* man? *Aur.* I nor is much as know him.

Cri. Dar'st thou deny't to me? *Aur.* I dare, and must
To all the World, long as *Albumazar* lives.

Cri. You arrant Asse, have I not known thee serve
My Master in his Farm this thirteen years?

Aur. By all the oathes that binde mens consciences
To truth, I am *Antonello*, and no other.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 2.

Pandolfo, Cricca, Trincalo.

WHat means this noise? *Cricca*, what's the matter?

Cri. Sir, here's your Farmer *Trincalo*, transform'd

So just, as he were melted, and new cast
In the true mould of old *Antonio*.

Pan. Th'right eye's no liker to the left, then he
To my good neighbour *Divine Albumazar*
How I admire thy skill! just so he look't,
And thus he walkt; this is his face, his haire,
His eyes and countenance; If his voyce be like,
Then is th'Astrologer a wonder-worker.

Ant. Signior *Pandolfo*, I thanke the heavens as much
To finde you well, as for my owne returne.
How does your daughter, and my love *Sylvia*?

Pan. Well, well, sir. *Cri.* This is a good beginning.
How naturally the rogue dissembles it!
With what a gentle garbe, and stedfast grace
He speakes and looks! How cunningly *Albumazar*,
Hath for our purpose fitted him in *Barbary*!
We heard you were cast on, pray you, how scap'd you?

Ant. No sooner was I ship'd for *Barbary*,
But faire winde follow'd, and faire weather lasted,
When entred in the Straites of *Gibralter*,
The heavens, and seas, and earth conspir'd against us.
The tempest tore our tackling, and tore our sayles,
Broake the maine Mast, while all the sea about us
Stood up in watry Mountaines to o'reset whelme us,
And struck's against a Rocke, splitting the vessell
Ta thousand splinters, with two Mariners
Swam to the Coast, where by the barbarous *Moores*
We were surpriz'd, fetter'd and sold for slaves.

Cri. This tale th'Astrologer pen'd, and he hath cond it.

Ant. But by a Gentleman of *Italy*
Whom I had knowne before. *Pan.* No more, this tell
Proves thou canst play the rest. For this faire story;
My hand I make thy ten pound, twenty Marks.
Thou look'st and speak'st so like *Antonio*.

Ant. Whom should I looke and speake like, but my selfe?

Cri. Good still! *Pan.* But now my honest *Trincalo*,
Tell me where's all the Plate, the gold, and Iewels,

The

That the Astrologer, when he had transformd thee
Committed to thy charge? are they safe lockt?

Ant. I understand you not. *Pan.* The jewels man,
The plate and gold the Astrologer that chang'd thee
Bad thee lay up? *Ant.* What plate? what gold?
What jewels? what transformation? what Astrologer?

Cri. Leave off Antonio now, and speak like Trincalo.

Ant. Leave off your jesting, it neither fits your place,
Nor age, *Pandolfo*, to scoffe your ancient friend:
I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,
Nor by th' Astrologer, nor *Trincalo*.

Cri. Better and better still: Believe me sir,
He thinks himselfe *Antonio*, and ever shall be.
And so possesse your plate. Art thou not *Trincalo*
My Masters Farmer? *Ant.* I am *Antonio*
Your Masters friend, if he teach you more manners.

Pan. Humour of raving? gaine farewell good *Flavia*,
Three thousand pound must not be lost so slightly:
Come sir, wee'l draw you to th' Astrologer,
And turn you to your ragged bark of Yeomanry.

Ant. To me these terms! *Pan.* Come I must not lose my plate.

Cri. Stay, sir, and take my counsell. Let him still
Firmly conceit himselfe the man he seemes,
Thus he himself deceiv'd, will farre more earnestly
Effect your lustfull, and deceive the rest.
There's no way more effectuall what's lost
And a forc't carriage. Suffer him then to carry
Antonio's house: and waite th' event: for him
He cannot scape: what you intend to do
Do't when he first saw you. I see the maide,
Lets hence, lest they suspect our consultations.

Pan. Thy counsels good: I will. *Cri.* Looke *Trincalo*,
Yonder's your best cause mistresse *Aurelia*,
And daughter *Flavia*. Courage, I will save thee,
Or I will lose my life, so that rid me of this trouble,
For with that my fortunes and Astrologers
About your care. *Ant.* Since your late drowning
Plate, and gold she's almost maddd, meaning

Fla. A Vaunt, old witch.
Look here, thief, I'll fetch you from your farmer,
Wrapt in my fathers shape, where quickly
And help me to shake him.
Ar. These are my gates, and that's the Cabinet
That keeps my jewels,
Fla. Never was villany
In seemly proportion of gravity!
Fla. Who is he that knocks so boldly?
Ar. O my
Powre down full blessings on these
Fla. Mark this
Most shameless villain,
Ar. Know it not, lady,
Is all this world grown from it?
Ar. Thy loving father,
Would thou were in his place!
Dead, under water was drowned!
Am I.
Ar. Open the doors sweet
Horrour incloses me,
I sweat to heare a dead man speak,
Of putrifaction: fie I feel it
Ar. Th'art much abus'd,
Ar. Miſtris let me
Ar. Quickly, or
In strangers houses
You might be beldam
About your eares.
Since your late drowning,

Is smear'd with Ore, and stuck with Cockle-shels,
This is to walke in. *An.* Impudent whore! *Ar.* Out Carter!
Hence durty whipstock, hence you rude clowne be gone,
Or all the water I can make or borrow
Shall once more drowne you.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Dr. Amelina, *whisper'd you draw your sword upon him?*

Ar. Sir 'tis your father's ghost, that I was by force
To break the doores and enter. *La.* This his grave look!
In every lineament himselfe to the life!
Had I not haply been advertized,
What could have fore'd me think 'twere Trincalo.
Doubtlesse, th' Astrologer hath rais'd a ghost
That walkes in this reverend ghost of my dead father.

An. These ghosts are the Trincalo's and Astrologers
Strike me beside my selfe. Who will receive me
When mine own family cheats me? O Astrology!

La. Infinite power of Art, how strong and active
How kindly the Planets influence could transforme a man
And carry him under a borrowed shape
To severall shapes I could never have found
You love me, or with
Or if indeed father, you
With me before you
Art thou the change
Forbid that the success of
Become then to be
The issue of this wrack, and long
Bury your anger
And shrunk up eyes
Be done for
Hide your or
Or else
Ile venter, and doe
let it.

To bend my knees, and creep to thy embracements.

Li. A sudden cold chill strikes me, my tender heart
Beats with compassion as I know not what.
Sirra be gone, trusse up your goodly speeches,
Sad shipwracke and strange transformations
Your plot's discovered, I will not take thy impudence
For once I pardon. The pious reverence
I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father,
Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
Haunting my doores again, ile baste and do you
Out of doores, away. Nor I go thy way.
And you Mistris Gossip, for me as soon as thou arrives there

ACT. 4. SCENE 6.

Enter Mar. Dull and Trusty.

Tri. WHen this transformed substance of my carcase
My name was *Dull*, and *Trusty* my mother,
Preserv'd my life, and chang'd my state of brother.
How kind by the gentlewoman is dealt with? what Respect
and carefull tendernesse I your worship he had ever a fellow con-
stitution, and I fear much more since your love grew
you love me, off with these worsted stockings and put on the silke you left
with me before you went to Barbary. Good sir forget not your
health's for upon my conscience there is nothing worse for the
Rheume, then to be drench'd in a salty Hogshead. Every
another speech would have drawn on my face and arms, as
as hose and doublet. But I know your
chested. But sir let us be
Freenesse to part with
own homely, and first
what can be done for
First, do your own affairs, and leave your Masters. This word Mi-
ster makes me doubt I am not changed as I should be. But I will
lle venter, and doe something worthy Mr. Trusty's name while I
have it.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

Ant. VVBetched *Antonio*, hast been preserv'd to strangely
From former misfortunes, to be wrong'd at home?
Bar'd from the house by the Issues of thine own children?
Tri. Tick-tock.
Ant. But stay, there's one knocks boldly, I may be some friend;
Tri. Tick, tock.
Ant. Dwell you here, Gentleman? *Tri.* He calls me Gentleman,
See th'ensue th'good clothes all men have.
Honour, respect, and reverence us. *Ant.* Long Gentleman,
Let me without offence intreat your name,
And why you knock. *Tri.* How sir to save, but my name?
Or did I die, and by
Or thou some stranger art, or grosly ignorant
That knowst not me. Ha! what art thou, break-fast?
Ant. Be not in choler sir. *Tri.* Believe it was
A Gentleman of publick reputation
To stoop so low as to frame the questions
Of base and earthly pieces like thy selfe? What art thou?
Ant. Th'unfortunate possessor of this house.
Tri. Thou ly'st base Sycophant, my Worthipful
Ant. May be my sonne hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead. How long has't call'd your Mansion?
Tri. 'Long as *Antonio* possest it. *Ant.* Which *Antonio*?
Tri. *Antonio*, *Andalosia*? *Ant.* That *Andalosia*
That drown'd in *Barbary*? *Tri.* That *Andalosia*
That selfe same man am I, I scape by swimming
And now return to keep my former promise
Of *Flavia* to *Pandolfo*, and in exchange
To take *Sulpitia* to my wife. *Ant.* All this
I intended 'fore I went out sir, if I
Can be no other then my selfe, and you
Are that *Antonio*, you and I are one.
Tri. How? one with thee? speak such another fable,
And by the terrour of this deadly steele,

That

That nere saw light, but sent to gull false darkenesse,
All that durst stand before it thou dost fright.
Tri. Alas
My weakenesse grown by age, and pains of travail,
Disarms my courage to defend my selfe;
I have no strength but patience.
Tri. What are you?
Ant. Sir, heat of wine. *Tri.* And when y'are drunk?
Ant. But stay, there's one
Is there no perfume put on but nasty
To cover your intended villanies?
Ant. Dwell you
Tri. An Ore, an Asse, a
To lose my life? are thinke? live and serve,
Remember. Could the fearfull apprehension
Of ugly feare of drowning so transforme me?
Or did I die, and by
My soule is provided of another lodging?
Tri. Be what thou will, except
'Tis death to touch that name.
Are pleasures, weigh'd with
Was ever
O most unfortunate
At Sea thou
At land of thine
Or what hands else they plead
And rather thou
Of fetters, whips,
Be wrong'd and
Tri. How? prating
Or draw, and lay
Let fortune of the fight
Here's a brave Rogue, that in the King's
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw.
Ant. These wrongs recall my strength, I am resolv'd,
Better die once, then suffer always. Draw.
Tri. Sold all
Art born of gentle blood, and yet
That

Was

Was none of all thy linage hangd or cuckold?
Bastard, or bastinado'd in thy pedigree
As long, as wide as mine? For otherwise
Thou wert most unworthy; and 'twere losse of honour
In me to fight. More; I have drawn five teeth:
If thine stand sound, the tearms are much unequall.
And by strict laws of duell, I am excus'd
To fight on disadvantage. *Ant.* This some Asse!
Tri. If we concurre in all, write a formall Challenge,
And bring thy Second: mean-while I make provision
Of *Calais* sand to fight upon securely. Ha!

ACT. 4. SCENE 8.

Lelio, Cricca, Trincalo, Antonio.

Le. AM I awake? or do deceitfull dreams
Present to my wild fancie things I see not?
Cri. Sir, what amazement's this? why wonder you?
Le. See'st thou not *Trincalo* and *Antonio*?
Cri. O strange! th'are both here. *Le.* Didst not thou informe me
That *Trincalo* was turnd to *Antonio*?
Which I beleiving like a credull fonne,
With most reproachfull threats, drove mine old Father
From his own doores; and yet rest doubtfull, whether
This be the true *Antonio*, may be th'Astrologer
Hath chang'd some other, and not *Trincalo*.
Cri. No, feare it not: th'is plain: *Albumazar*
Hath cheated my old master of his slave.
For here's the Farmer, as like himselfe as ever;
Onely his cloaths excepted. *Trincalo*!
Tri. *Cricca*, where's *Trincalo*? doest see him here?
Cri. Yes, and as rank an Asse as e're he was. (me.
Tri. Thou'rt much deceiv'd; thou neither see'st, nor know'st
I am transformd, transformd. *Cri.* Th'art still thy self.
Lelio, this Farmer's halfe a foole, halfe knave.
And as *Pantalon* did with much intreaty

Perſwade him to transforme, ſo as much labour
Will hardly bring the Coxcombe to himſelfe.
That nere was out on't. Who art if not he?
Tri. My name is *Don Antonio*, I am now going
To mine own houſe, to give *Pandolfo Flavia*,
And *Armellina* to his Father *Trincalo*.
How dar'ſt thou *Criſca*, but a meaner ſervant,
Reſemble me a man of worth and worſhip,
To ſuch a Clown as *Trincalo*, a branded foole,
An Aſſe, a laughing-ſtock to Town and Country?
Art not aſham'd to name him with *Antonio*?
Le. Do not thy actions with thy rude behaviour,
Proclaime thee what thou art? *Cri.* Notorious Clown!
Tri. Villain, th'haſt broke my ſhoulders. *Le.* O didſt feel him?
Tri. I with a pox, *Le.* Then th'art ſtill *Trincalo*,
For hadſt thou been *Antonio*, he had ſmarted.
Tri. I feele it as I am *Antonio*.
Cri. Foole, I who loves *Armellina*! *Tri.* Tis I, tis I.
Cri. *Antonio* never lov'd his Kitchin-maid.
Tri. Well I was taken for *Antonio*,
And in his name receiv'd ten pound in gold:
Was by his Miſtris entertain'd; but thou
Envy'ſt my happineſſe: if th'haſt th'ambition
To riſe as I have done, go to *Albumazar*,
And let him change thee to a Knight, or Lorde.
Cri. Note the ſtrange power of ſtrong imagination.
Tri. A world of Engines cannot wreſt my thoughts,
From being a Gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And though I be not, yet will think my ſelfe ſo:
And ſcorn thee *Criſca*, as a ſlave and ſervant.

ACT. 4. SCENE 9.

Criſca, Lelio, Antonio.

Cri. 'Tis but loſt labour to diſſwade his dulneſſe,
Believe me that's your father. *Le.* When I drove him (hence,
Spight

Spight of my bloud his reverent countenance
Strook me t'a deep compassion. To cleere all,
Ile aske one question. Signior *Antonio*,
What money took you when you took your Voyage?

Ant. As I remember, fourscore and fifteen pound
In *Barbary* gold. Had *Lucio* kept his word
I had carried just a hundred. *Le.* Pardon me father;
'Twas my blinde ignorance, not want of duty;
That wrong'd you: all was intended for a Farmer,
Whom an Astrologer, they said, transform'd.

Ant. How an Astrologer? *Le.* When you parted hence
It seems you promis'd *Flavia* to *Pandolfo*.
News of your death arriving, th'old Gentleman
Importunes me to second what you purpos'd,
Consulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my yong sister should be buried quick
I'th'grave of threescore yeares: by their advice
I fully did deny him. He chafes and storms,
And findes at length a cunning man, that promis'd
To turn his Farmer to your shape and state,
Possesse your house, and give him *Flavia*,
Whereof I warn'd, wrongd you in stead of *Tolerable*,

Ant. Then hence it came they call'd me *Tolerable*,
And talkt of an Astrologer, which name ——
Almost intrag'd me past my selfe and reason.
'Tis true I promis'd, but have oft repented it,
And much more since he goes about to cheat me.
He must not have her, sir. *Le.* I am glad y'are so resolv'd,
And since with us, you finde that match unequall,
Let's all intreat you to bestow your daughter
Upon his sonne *Eugenio*. *Ant.* Sonne at your pleasure
Dispose of *Flavia*, with my full consent.

Le. And as you judge him worthy your daughter *Flavia*,
Think no lesse of his *Subtilia*.

An. I do: and ever had desire to match
Into that family; and now I finde my selfe
Old, weak, unfit for marriage, you shall enjoy her,

If I can worke *Pandolfo* by intreaty.

Cri. To deale with him with reason and intreaties,
Is to perswade a mad-man; for his love
Wakes him no lesse. All speeches opposite
This fixt desire, and love-corrupted malgrace,
Seeme extreame fooleries. Will he, consent
To giue his daughter to your sonne and you
Deny him *Flavia*; Shall *Eugenio*
Expect or land or love from old *Pandolfo*
Being his open rivall? 'tis impossible.
He sought to coozen you, therefore resolue
To pay him in's owne money. Be but adui'd
By my poore counsell, and one stroke shall cut
The root of his designes, and with his arrowes
Strike his owne plot so dead, that *Albumazar*,
With all his stars and instruments, shall never
Give it fresh motion. *Ant. Crites*, to thy direction
We yeeld our selues, manage vs at thy pleasure.

Le. Speake quickly *Crites*. *Cri.* The ground of all this businesse,
Is to catch *Trincalo*, and locke him fast
Till I releasse him next, that no mans whisper
Th' least word of your return. Then still I home,
And with a chearfull look, call my old Master,
That *Trincalo* —— but stay, heer where he comes,
Let's in, and there at leysure I'le inform you
From point to point. *Lelio*, retire him hither,
Till I send *Armellina* down to councell you.
Crosse him in nothing, call him *Antonio*,
And good enough. *Le.* Feare not, let me alone.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 10.

Trincalo, Lelio.

Tri. THis rascall *Crites* with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbe my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I seeme.

But that will soon be cleer'd; if they receive me
In at *Antonios* house, I am *Antonio*.
Lel. Signior *Antonio* my most loving father?
Blest be the day and houre of your return.
Tri. Sonne *Lelio*? a blessing on my child, I pray thee tell me,
How fares my servant *Armellina*? well?
Lel. Have you forgot my sister *Flavia*?
Tri. What my deare daughter *Flavia*? no, but first
Call *Armellina*: for this day wee'l celebrate
A Gleek of Marriages; *Pandolfo* and *Flavia*,
Sulpitia and my selfe, and *Trincalo*
With *Armellina*. Call her, good *Lelio*, quickly.
Lel. I will sir. *Tri.* So: this is well that *Lelio*
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect *Antonio*.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 11.

Armellina, Trincalo.

Arm. SIgniot *Antonio*!
My long expected Master! *Tri.* O *Armellina*!
Come let me kisse thy brow like my own daughter.
Arm. Tis too great a favour. I kisse your foot.
What sain? Alas! how feeble you are grown,
With your long travell? *Tri.* True, and being drownd,
Nothing so griv'd me, as to lose thy company.
But since I am safe return'd, for thy good service
Ile help thee to a husband. *Arm.* A husband, sir?
Some young and lusty youth, or else ile none.
Tri. To one that loves thee dearely, dearely wench:
A goodly man, like me in limbs and fashion.
Arm. Fie, an old man? how? cast my selfe away,
And be no nurse but his? *Tri.* He's not like me
In years and gravity, but fair proportion. (*Trincalo* of Tottnam.
A handsome well-set man as I. *Arm.* His name? *Tri.* Tis *Tom*
Arm. Signior *Pandolfo's* lusty Farmer? *Tri.* That's he.

Arm. Most unexpected happinesse! 'tis the man,
I more esteem then my own life: sweet Master
Procure that match, and think me satisfied
For all my former service without wages.
But ay I feare you jest. My poore unworthinesse
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet *Trincalo*.
No wretched *Armellina*, in and despaire:
Back to thy mournful Dresser, there lament
Thy selfe to Kitchin-stuffe, and bones to ashes,
Eor love of thy sweet Farmer. *Tri.* Alas poore soule,
How prettily she weeps for me! Will see him?

Arm. My soule waits in my eye, and leaves my body
Senseless. *Tri.* Then sweare to keep my counsell. *Ar.* I sweare
By th'beauteous eys of *Trincalo*. *Tri.* Why I am *Trincalo*.

Arm. Your worship sir! why do you flout your servant,
Right worshipfull *Antonio*, my reverend Master?

Tri. Pox of *Antonio*, I am *Tom Trincalo*.
Why laugh'st thou? *Arm.* Tis desire and joy,
To see my sweetest. *Tri.* Look upon me and see him.

Arm. I say see *Antonio*, and none other.

Tri. I am within, thy love, without, thy Master.
Th' Astrologer transformd me for a day.

Arm. Mock not your poore Maid, pray you sir. *Tri.* I do not.
Now would I break this head against the stones,
To be unchang'd; for on this Gentry, it sticks
Like Bird-lime, or the Pox. I cannot part with't.
Within, I am still thy Farmer *Trincalo*.

Arm. Then must I wait, till old *Antonio*
Be brought to bed of a faire *Trincalo*;
Or flea you, and strip you to your self again.

Tri. Carry me to your chamber. Try me there.

Arm. O sir by no means: but with my lovely Farmer
Ide stay all night and thank him. *Tri.* Crosse misfortune!
Accurst *Albumazar!* and mad *Pandolfo!*
To change me thus, that when I most desire
To be my selfe, I cannot. *Armellina*
Fetch me a Looking-glasse. *Arm.* To what end? *Tri.* Fetch me

Let my old Masters businesse sinke or swim,
This sweet occasion must not be neglected,
Now shall I know th' Astrologers skil: O wonderfull!
Admir'd *Albumazar* in two transmutations:
Here's my old Farmers face. How in an instant
I am unchang'd that was so long a changing. Here's my flat nose (again, &c.
Now *Armellina* take thy lov'd *Trincalo*
To thy desired embracements, use thy pleasure,
Kisse thy belly full. *Arm.* Not here in publick.
T'enjoy too soon what pleaseth, is unpleasant:
The World, would envy that my happinesse.
Go in, ile follow you, and in my Bed-chamber
Wee'l consummate the match in privacy.
Tri. Was not the face I wore farre worse then this?
But for thy comfort, Wench, *Albumazar*
Hath died my thoughts so deep i'th' grain of Gentry,
Tis not a glasse can rob me of my good fashion,
And Gentlemanly garbe. Follow my deare.
Arm. Ile follow you. So now y'are fast enough.
Tri. Help *Armellina*, help, I am falne i'th' cellar:
Bring a fresh Plantane leafe, I have broke my shin.
Arm. Thus have I caught me a husband in a trap,
An in good earnest meant to marry him.
Tis a tough Clown and lusty: he works day and night;
And rich enough for me, that have no portion
But my poore service. Well: he's something foolish;
The better can I dominere, and rule him
At pleasure. That's the marke and utmost height
We women ayme at. I am resolv'd, Ile have him.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 12.

Lelio. Cricca.

Lel. IN *Armellina*, lock up *Trincalo*. *Arm.* I will sir.
Le. Cricca, for this thy counsell, if't succeed,
Feare not thy Masters anger: Ile preferre thee

And

And count thee as my *Genius*, or good fortune.
Cri. It cannot chuse but take. I know his humour,
And can at pleasure feather him with hopes,
Making him flie what pitch I wish, and stoop
When I shew fowle. *Le.* But for the suite of cloaths?
Cri. Ile throw them o're your garden wall. Away.
Haste to *Eugenia* and *Sulpitia*,
Acquaint them with the businesse. *Le.* I go.

ACT. 4. SCENE 13.

Lelio, Sulpitia.

Le. THe hopefull issue of thy counsell, *Cricca*,
Brightens this ev'ning, and makes it more excell
The clearest day, then a gray morning doth
The blindest midnight, raising my amorous thoughts
To such a pitch of joy, that riches, honour,
And other pleasures, to *Sulpitia's* love,
Appeare like Mole-hils to the Moon. *Sul. Lelio?*
Le. O there's the voice that in one note containes
All cords of Musicke: how gladly shee'l imbrace
The newes I give her, and the messenger.
Sul. Soft, Soft, y'are much mistaken, for in earnest,
I am angry *Lelio*; and with you. *Le.* Sweetest, these flames
Rise from the fire of love, and soon will quench
I'th' welcome newes I bring you. *Sul.* Stand still, I charge you
By th' vertue of my lips, speak not a syllable
As you expect a kisse this cold shall clothe my cheeke:
For I must chide you *Le.* O my *Sulpitia*,
Were every speech a pistoll charg'd with death,
I'd stand them all in hope of that condition.
Sul. First, sir, I heare, you teach *Eugenia*
Too grave a wariness in your sisters love,
And kill his honest forwardnesse of affection,
With your far-fet respects, suspitious feares,
You have your may-bee's, this is dangerous:

That course were better: for if so, and yet
Who knowes? the event is doubtfull, he advis'd,
Tis a yong rashnesse: your father is your father:
Take leisure to consider. Thus y'have considered
Poore *Flavia* almost to her grave. Fye *Lelia*,
Had this my smallnesse undertooke the businesse,
And done no more in foure short winters daies
Than you in foure months; I'de have vowed my maiden-head
To the living Tombe of a sad Nunnery:
Which for your sake I loath. *Lel.* Sweet by your favour.
Sul. Peace, peace: now y'are so wise, as if ye had eaten
Nothing but braines and marrow of Machiavell:
You tip your speeches with *Italian Motti*,
Spanish Refrans, and *English Quoth Hee's*. Believe me,
There is not a Proverbe falls your tongue, but plants
Whole colonies of white haires. O what a businesse
These hands must have when you have married me?
To picke out sentences that over-yeare you.
Lel. Give me but leave. *Sul.* Have I a lip? and you
Made Sonets on't? tis your fault, for otherwise
Your sister and *Eugenia* had beene sure
Long time ere this. *Lel.* But— *Sul.* Stay, your Qu's not come yet.
I hate as perfectly this gray-greene of yours,
As old *Antonio's* green-gray. Fy? Wife lovers,
Are most absurd. Were I not fully resolved,
I should begin to coole mine owne affection.
For shame consider well your sisters temper.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Reject her,
Or spight of mine owne love, Ile make you stay
Sixe months before you marry me. *Lelia whispers.*
Sul. This your so happy newes? return'd, and Life?
Antonio yet alive? *Lelia whispers.* *Sul.* And what then?
Lelia whispers.
Sul. Well; all your businesse must be compassed
With winding plots, and cunning Stratagems.
Looke too't: For if we be not married ere next morning,
By the great love that is hid in this small compasse,

Flavia and my selfe will leave you both anon,
To your eternall shame and foole-like fate.

Le. How prettily this lovely Innocent
In her own breath pleads her own cause and my fitters
Chides me, and loves. This is that pleasing temper
I more admire, then a continued sweetness
That over-satisfies: 'Tis fit I love not Sugar.

Flav. Alb. &c.

Act. 5. Scene. 1.

Albumazar, Rosco, Fusbo, Harpax.

Alb. HOw? not a single share of this great prize,
That have deserv'd the whole? nor any plots
And pains, and yeares expence in sessions and porters,
Shall I have nothing? *Ros.* No, not a silver spoon.

Fur. Nor cover of a Preacher-salt. *Har.* Nor Table-napkin.

Alb. Friends, we have kept an honest truft and faith
'Long time among st us: Break not that sacred league.
By raising civill theft; turn not your fury
'Gainst your own bowels. Rob your carefull mother?
Are you not alham'd? *Ros.* 'Tis our profession,
As yours Astrology. And in th' dayes of old
Good morrow Thiefe, as welcome was receiv'd,
As now your Worlhip. 'Tis your own institution.

Furb. The *Spartans* held it lawfull, and th' *Arabians*,
So grew *Arabia* happy, *Sparta* valiant.

Har. The World's a Theatre of theft: great Rivers
Rob smaller Brooks, and them the Ocean.

Alb. Have not I weand you up from petty larceny,
Dangerous and poore? and made you so full strength
Of safe and gainfull theft? By rules of Art
And principles of cheating made you free.

From

From taking, as you went invisible?
And doe yee thus requite mee, this the reward
For all my watchfull care? *Rom.* we are your schollers,
Made by your helpe, and our aptnesse, able
To instruct others. 'Tis the Trade we live by.
You that are servant to Divine Astrology,
Doe something worth her livery. Cast Figures,
Make Almanackes for all Meridians.
Fur. Sell Perspicils, and instruments of hearing,
Turne Clowness to Gentlemen; Buzzards to Falcons,
Cur-dogs to Grey-hounds; Kitchen-maides to Ladies.
Her. Discover more new Stars, and unknown planets:
Vent them by dozens, stile them by the names
Of men that buy such ware. Take lawfull courses,
Rather then beg. *Alb.* Not keep your honest promise?
Fur. Believe none, credit none, for in this City
No dwellers are, but Cheaters and Cheatees.
Alb. Yet presum'd me the greatest share. *Rom.* Our promise?
If honest men by Obligations,
And instruments of Law are hardly constrain'd
T'observe their word; Can we that make profession
Of lawlesse courses, do't? *Alb.* Amongst our selves,
Faulcons that tyrannize o're weaker fowle,
Hold peace with their own feathers. *Her.* But when they coun-
Upon one quarry, break that league we do, (ter
Alb. At least restore th'ten pound in gold I lent you.
Rom. 'Twas lent in an ill Second, worser Third,
And luckelesse Fourth: 'tis lost. *Alb.* [illegible]
Fur. *Saturne* was in *Aquarius*. *Mercury*
Was then combust: who'r you deliver'd it?
'Twill never be restor'd. *Rom.* *Rabi*, *Abenezra*,
Hiarcha, *Brachman*, *Budda*, *Ptolomæus*,
And all the *Chaldæi* and the *Caballi*,
Affirme that fatall'st threats lose of debts.
Her. Frame by your *Arcana Mathematica*,
An engine like a Mill, where quarles
Of strange retractive verses may recoil

Desperate debts, and with that undo Sergeants.

Alb. Was ever man thus baited by's own Whelps?
Give me a slender portion for a stock
To begin Trade again. *Ren.* Tis an ill course
And full of feares. This treasure hath inricht us
And given us means to purchase and live quiet
Of th'fruit of dangers past. When I'as robbing
All blocks before me look't like Constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of Gallowses.
Therefore good Tutour take your Pupils counsell:
Tis better beg then steale; Live in poore clothes,
Then hang in Sattin. *Alb.* Villains, Ile be revenged,
And reveale all the businesse to a Justice.

Ren. Do, if thou longst to see thy own Anatomy.

Alb. This treachery perswades me to turn honest.

Fur. Search your Nativity a fee if the Fortunates
And Luminaries be in a good Aspect,
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat ere this. *Alb. Albumazar,*
Trust not these Rogues; hence and revenge.

Ren. Fellow away, here's company. Let's hence. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCENE. 2.

Cric. Pandolfo.

Cric. NOw *Circe*, mask thy countenance in joy;
Speak welcome language of good news, and make
Thy Master, whose desires are credulous,
To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy designe
Land at the Haven tis bound for; then *Lelio*,
Eugenio, and their Mistresses are obliged
By oath to assure a state of forty pounds
Upon thee for thy life. *Pan.* I long to know
How my good Farmer speeds, how *Trincalo*
Hath been deceiv'd by *Lelio*. *Cric.* Where shall I finde him?
What we most seek, (still flies us,) what's avoided
Follows, or meets us full. I am emboss'd

With

ich trotting all the streets to finde *Pandolfo*,
nd blesse him with good news. *Pan.* This haste of *Criticus*,
hodes some good; dost blesse my *Trincalo*,
eceived for *Antonio*, hath given me *Flavia*.
riticus? *Cri.* Neither in *Pauls* as home, nor in the Exchange?
ne where he uses to converse? hee's lost
nd must be cryed. *Pan.* Turn hither, *Criticus*, *Criticus*,
'st me not? *Cri.* Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,
nd almost blinded me. 'Tis so fortunate,
dare not powre it all at once upon you,
ast you should faint and swound away with joy.
our transform'd *Trincalo*—*Pan.* what newes of him;
Cri. Exposed as owner in *Antonio's* house ——
Pan. On. *Cri.* Is acknowledg'd by his daughter *Flavia*,
nd *Lelio* for their father. *Pan.* Quickly good *Criticus*!
Cri. And hath sent me in haste to bid you —— *Pan.* What?
Cri. Come with your son *Eugenio* —— *Pan.* And thou?
Cri. That he may be witnesse of your marriage.
ut sir, I see no signes of so large good nesse
s I expected, and this news deserv'd.
Pan. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward symptomes
nd characters of joy, are poore expressions
f my inward happinesse: my heart's full,
nd cannot vent the passions. Run *Criticus*, run.
ow as thou lov'st me call *Eugenio*,
nd work him to my purpose, thou canst do it;
astle, call him instantly. *Cri.* I flie sir.

ACT. 5. SCENE 3.

Pandolfo.

HOw shall I recompence this Astrologer?
This great *Albumazar*? through whose learned hands,
Jove hath powr'd the effect of my best wishes,
nd crown'd my hopes. Give him this chain? that?

Tis a poore thanks, short by a thousand links
Of his large merit. No, he must live with me,
And my sweet *Flavia*, at his ease and pleasure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
I'le get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So there's a *Trincalo*
Antoniated, or *Antonio Intricculat*.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 4.

Antonio. Pandolfo. Lelio. Eugenio.

Ant. SIgnior *Pandolfo*! welcome. *Lel.* Your servant sir.
Pan. Well met *Antonio*, my prayers and wishes
Have waited on you ever. *Ant.* Thanks deerest friend.
To speak my danger past, were to discourse
Of dead men at a Feast. Such fatal relations
Become not marriages. Sir, I am here
Return'd to do you service: where's your sonne?
Pan. He'le wait upon you presently. *Eug.* Signior *Antonio*
Happily welcome! *Ant.* Thanks *Eugenio*,
How think you Gentlemen? were it amisse
To call down *Flavia* and *Sulpitia*,
That what we do, may with a full consent
Be entertain'd all? *Pan.* Tis well remembred.
Eugenio, call your sister. *Ant. Lelio*, call your daughter.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

Pandolfo. Antonio.

Pan. VVIsely consider'd *Trincalo*: tis a faire Prologue
To the *Comedy* ensuing. Now I confesse
Albumazar had equall power to change
And mend thy understanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hug thee for this service.
Tis a brave one sir: oh my heart, I feare I lov'd you

Ant. How like you the beginning? *Pan.* 'Tis o'th further side
All expectation. *Ant.* Was't not right? and spoken
Like old *Antonio*? *Pan.* 'Tis most admirable:
Were't he himself that spake, he could not better't.
And for thy sake, I wish *Antonio's* shape
May ever be thy house, and 's wit thy in-mate.
But where's my plate, and cloth of silver? *Ant.* Safe,
Pan. They come; keep state, keep state, or all's discover'd.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 6.

Antonio, Pandolfe, Eugenia, Lelia, Flavia, Sulpitia.

Ant. EUgenia, Flavia, Lelia, Sulpitia,
Marriages once contract'd, and consummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties with full freedome speak their pleasure,
Before it be too late. *Pan.* Good excellent!
Ant. Speak boldly therefore: do you willingly
Give full authority, and what I decree
Touching these businesses, you'l all performe?
Eug. I refer it your dispose: what you determine,
With my best power I ratifie; and *Sulpitia*,
I dare be bold to promise, sayes no lesse.
Sul. What e're my father, brother, and your selfe
Shall think convenient, pleaseth me. *La.* In this,
As in all other service, I commit my selfe
To your commands; and so I hope, my sister.
Fla. With all obedience: for dispose of me
As of a childe, that judgeth nothing good
But what you shall approve. *Ant.* And you *Pandolfe*?
Pan. I most of all! And, for I know the minde
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone
To repent after; 'tis my advice they sweare
To observe without exception, your decree.
Fla. Content. *Sul.* Content. *Pan.* By all the powers that heare
Oathes, and raine vengeance upon broken faith,

I promise to confirme and ratifie
Your sentence. *Le.* Sir, I sweare no lesse. *Eug.* Nor I.
Fla. The self-same oath binides me. *Sul.* And me the same.
Pan. Now *Antonie*, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeale
From you to higher Courts. *Ant.* First, for preparatives
Or slight *Preludium* to the greater matches;
I must intreat you that my *Armelina*
Be match'd with *Trincalo*, Two hundred Crowns
I give her for her portion. *Pan.* Tis done. Some reliques
Of his old Clownery, and dregs o'th' Country,
Dwell in him still; how carefull he provides
For himself first! Content. And more, I grant him
A lease for twenty pounds a yeare. *Ant.* I thank you
Gentlemen, since I feele my selfe much broken
With age, and my late miseries, and too cold,
To entertain new heat, I freely yield
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my sonne *Lelio*.
Pan. How cunningly the Farmer hath provided
T'observe the semblance of *Antonio's* person,
And keep himselfe still free for *Armelina*!
Ant. Signior *Paulisso*, y'are wise, and understand,
How ill hot appetites of unbridled youth
Become gray haires. How grave and honourable
Wert for your age to be enamored
With the fare shape of vertue, and the glory
Of our Fore-fathers! Then would you blush to think
How by this dotage, and unequall love,
You stain their honour, and your own. Awake,
Banish those wilde affections, and by my example
Turn t' your repos'd self. *Pan.* To what purpose, pray you,
Serves this long proeme? on to th' sentence. *Ant.* Sir,
Conformity of yeers, likeneſse of manners,
Are *Gordian* knots that binde up Matrimony,
Now betwixt seventy Winters and sixteen,
There's no proportion, nor least hope of love.
He that a Gentleman of your discretion,

Crowd

Crown'd with such reputation in your youth,
Should in your Western days, when in good Opinion
Of all your friends, and not in the open danger
Of closing the weak remainder of your days
With discontentment [illegible]

Pan. Wrack me no more, pray you let's hear the first once:
Note how the [illegible] and endears
His service, intimating that his power
May over-throw my hopes of success to th' contrary.

Ar. These things consider'd, I bestow my daughter
Upon your fame and [illegible], whose constant love
With his so modest carriage, hath deserv'd her.
And, that you freely for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with a dowry, *Pan.* Treacherous Villain!
[illegible] this no place.
[illegible] and ready with the date
Of his Astrology's [illegible]
of my prediction. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For this great favour, for ever obliged,
Dispute not your fate. *Pan.* I thank you Sir.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 7.

[illegible]
[illegible] Villain!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Why do I rage 'gainst [illegible]
That have consumed [illegible]
To th'hands of a bair Cheating [illegible]
I see mine errour, but no means to help it.
Only the sweetness of revenge [illegible]
Which I must purchase, [illegible]
Are now clean [illegible]

ACT. 5. SCENE. 8.

Trincalo.

WEl come old [illegible]
a trouble is to become [illegible]
sure but what I felt and [illegible]
of my profession. There's [illegible]
compounding for [illegible]
rest, coozned by whores [illegible]
hoglheads, cheates of [illegible]
elusion.

SCENE. 9.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. O Precious piece of villany! are you unchang'd?
How confident the Rogue dares walk the streets!
Tri. And then such [illegible] a fine I were today [illegible]
hath been found [illegible] Only this [illegible] Country can [illegible]
fit-free, and be [illegible] in a good house, was never heard [illegible]
since it came from [illegible]
Pan. Thou [illegible]
Tri. Is this the [illegible]
Pan. You marry me to patience, there's a patience.
She's a good bed-fellow, [illegible]
Tri. You'l beat me out [illegible]
Pan. So, is deceived [illegible]

What a Gentleman [illegible]

With th'cruell'st censures I am recreant.

Tri. You kill me fr-

Pan. Have patience.

Pan. Pray you sir!

Pan. Seek not by humble penitence t'appease me,
Nothing can finish. *Tri.* Farewell humility.
Now I am better bent. (*Exit Trincalo.*)
Shall age and weakness alter my youth and strength?
Now speak your plea first (what) say you? *Pan.* Dar'st deny
Thy own act done before so many witnesses?
Subornd by others, and betray my confidence
With such strong impudence? *Tri.* I have been faithfull
In all you trusted me. *Pan.* To them, not me,
O what a Proteus shall with grave advice,
And learned counsaile, you would throw upon me
Before the thunder of your deadly sentence?
And give away my Mistris with a kisse?
Tri. I give your Mistris? *Pan.* Didst not thou decree
Contrary t'our compact, against my marriage?
Tri. Why when was I your judge? *Pan.* Just now, here.
Tri. See your errour then was I cast lockt in *Astrello's* Cellar:
Where making vertue of necessity, I drank (stark drunk) and wa-
ting, found my self elected in this Farmers fate, as in th'morning.
Pan. Didst not thou sweare t'enter *Astrello's* house,
And give me *Flecta* for my wife? and after,
Before my own face, gav'st it her to my honor?
Tri. Ha, ha, ha! *Pan.* Canst thou deny't? *Tri.* Hahaha, ha!
Have you got Mistris *Patience*? ha, ha, ha!
Pan. Is not this true? *Tri.* Ha, ha, ha! *Pan.* Answer me.
Tri. Ha, ha, ha, wan I
Pan. Was't not thus? *Tri.* I answer.
First, I never was transformed, but guld.
As you were by th' Astrologer, and thats the cause me *Astrello*
To prove this true, the Gentleman you spoke with, was *Astrello*,
The night *Astrello* safely returnd from *Barbary*.
Pan. Oh me! whats this? *Tri.* Truth it selfe;
Pan. Was't not then thou gav'st the sentence?
Tri. Believe me no such matter;
I here was Gentleman, nor otherwise

while Trincalo *laughs, and falls to the stuffe*, Pandolfo *receives it, and beats him.*

Then

Pan. How have I deceiv'd you, good Trincalo?
Pardon me, I have wrong'd thee.
Tri. Pardon you?
When you have beaten me to pulp, good Trincalo,
Pardon me?
Pan. I am sorry for't.
Tri. I am sorry I must needs pass for't, pardon you.
Pan. Now tell me where's the plate and chain of silver,
The gold and jewels that the Astrologer
Committed to thy keeping?
Tri. What plate, what Jewels?
He gave me none, but when he went to change me
After a thousand circles and ceremonies,
He binds me fast upon a throne, and blinds me
With a thick Table-napkin. Not long after
Unbindes my head and feet, and gives me light,
And then I plainly saw, that I saw nothing.
The Parlor was clean swept of all was in't.
Pan. Oh me! Oh me!
Tri. What ails you? Sir, what ails you?
Pan. I am undone. I have lost my love, my plate,
My wholestate, and with the rest my life.
Tri. Leave not your prating, and leave this lamenting,
And lay the Tosse, you may recover it well enough.
Pan. Tis to small purpose. Prithee hold thy peace.

ACT. I. SCEN. [illegible]

Cri. Where shall I finde my Master to comfort him
With welcome news? He's here, news, news?
News of good fortune, joy, and happinesse
Pan. Oh me, I am undone, undone!
Of better and ingrateful servant never was
Cri. Offend not your good Lady, we are now more fortunate
Then when you rais'd this morning: be merry, Sir,
Cheare up your self, my Lord, your wishes, feare nothing.
Pan. May be *Antonio* newly repassed Hither
With purpose to restore *Flavia*,

Cricca, what ist? where's all this happinesse?

Cri. Lockt in *Antonio's* closet. *Pan.* All alone?
Sure that's *Flavia*. Is not *Eugenio*
Suffred to enter? *Cri. Antonio* keeps the Key:
No creature enters but himself: all's safe
And shall be so untold. *Pan.* O my sweet *Cricca*,

Cri. And they that wrong'd you, most extreamly sorry,
Ready to yield you any satisfaction.

Pan. Is possible they should so soon repent them?
That injur'd me so lately? tell me the meanes
That caus'd them see their Errour. *Cri.* I'le tell you,
Being just now at old *Antonio's* house,
One thunders at th'back doore, enters, and presses
To speak in private with young *Lelio*;
Was instantly admitted: and think you who?
Twas your Astrologer *Albumazar*.
When he had spoke a while; *Lelio* and *Antonio*
In haste command me fetch a Constable.

Pan. How can this Story touch my happinesse?

Cri. I run'd down through many Ale-houses,
Cloudy Tobacco-shops, and vapouring Taverns:
My mouth full of inquiry: at last found one.

Pan. What of all this? ist possible a Constable
Concerns my good? *Cri.* And following my directions,
Went to a Tipling-house, where we took drinking
Three handsome fellows with a great cheft; attacht them,
And brought all to *Antonio*. *Pan.* Well, what then?

Cri. These were th'Astrologers intelligences, that
Robd you through th'South window. *Pan.* I thought sh'had'st
Of *Flavia's* restoring. *Cri.* I mean your plate, (spoke,
And treasure; pray you sir, ist not great happinesse
To re-obtain three thousand pounds in value
Desperatly lost? and you still dote and dream
Of *Flavia*, who by your own consent
And oath is promist to your sonne *Eugenio*?

Pan. Forward, *Cri.* Within this cheft *Antonio* found your plate,
Gold, jewels, cloth of silver, nothing perisht,

But all safe lockt till you acknowledge it:
And since *Albumazar* of his owne accord
Frely confesst, and safe restord your treasure:
Since tis a day of jubile and marriages,
Antonio would intreat you to release
And Pardon the Assistants. Thanking your fortune
That hath restord you to your wealth and selfe.
Both which were lost i'th' foolish suite of *Flavia*.
Pan. Reason hath cleard my sight, and drawn the vaile
Of dotage that so darkt my understanding,
I clearely see the slavery of affections,
And how unfitting my declining yeares
Are for the dawning youth of *Flavia*.
Let the best joys of *Hymen* compasse her,
And her young husband, my *Eugenio*,
With full content. And since *Albumazar*
By accident, could all this happinesse
I freely pardon him, and his companions
And haste to assist the Marriages and Feasts.
Cri. Why now you shew your selfe a worthy Gentleman.

ACT. 5. SCEN. *ult.*

Trivcalo, Cricca.

Tri. Cricca I over-heard your news: all parts are pleasd,
Except my selfe: Is there no news for *Trivcalo*?
Cri. Knowst it not? in and see: *Antonio*
Hath given thee *Artemidina* with a portion,
Two hundred Crowns, and old *Pandolfo* bound
By oath t'assure thee twenty pounds a yeer,
For three lives. *Tri.* Haj! *Cri.* Come in. *Tri.* He follow.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Two hundred Crowns? and twenty pound a yeare
For three good lives? Cargo! *ha!* Trincalo!
My wife's extreamly busie, dressing the supper
For these great marriages, and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertain you here
As I would else-where. But if you come to Totnam
Some foure daies hence, and aske for Trincalo
At th' signe o' th' Hogshead, Ile morgage all my Lives
To bid you welcome. You that love Trincalo
And meane to meet, clap hands and mak't a bargain.

FINIS.